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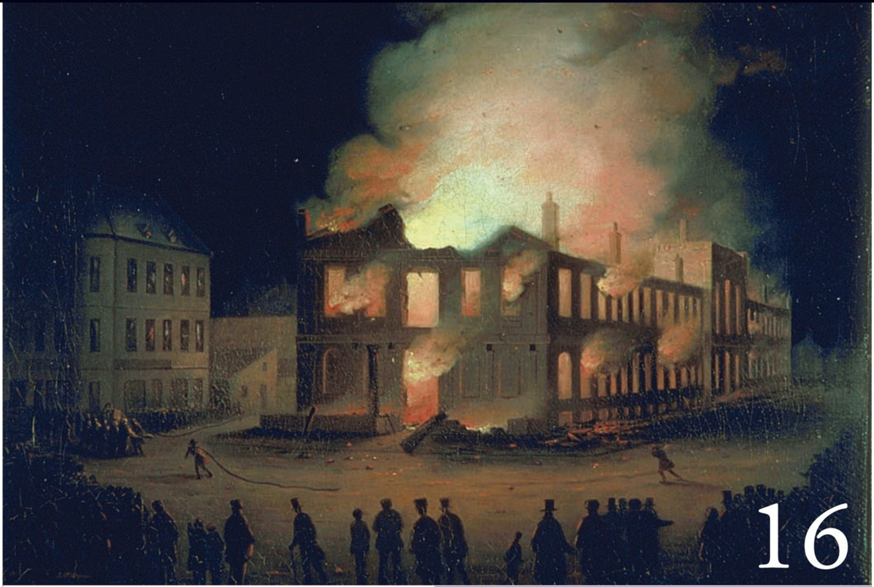

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To hell with housework

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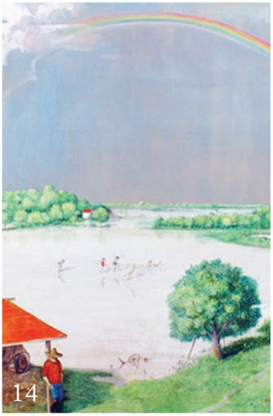

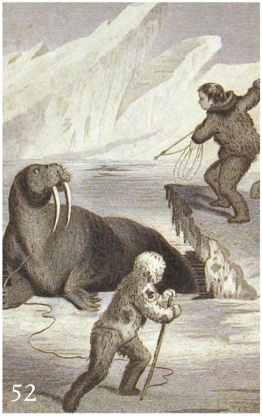

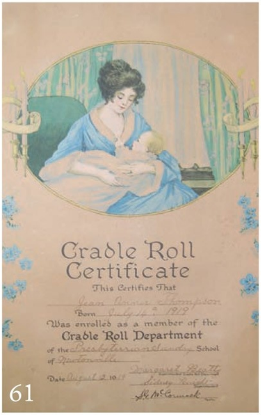

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Certificate
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Jean Anna Thompson
Born July 14th 1919
Was enrolled as a member of the
Cradle Roll Department
of the Presbyterian Sunday School
of Newtonville
Date August 2 19

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Canada

Our storied places

It was a hazy June day in the Maritimes — the type best spent lying on a beach with a cool drink nearby. And yet, there we were, the group of us kids, piling into an old school bus. Soon, we were snaking our way along the two-lane road between Pugwash, Nova Scotia, and the New Brunswick border.

It was the early eighties, and our destination was Fort Beausejour, a Parks Canada historic site located near Aulac, N.B.

As we pulled in to the broad parking lot, I got my first glimpse of historic Beausejour. The star-shaped fortification commanded the landscape, offering great sightlines into Chignecto Bay.

Soon, we were scampering along the sloping, gravel path that led to the former French bastion. Once inside, we quickly ditched our teacher chaperones and official Parks interpreters, and set off to explore the innards of the fort.

At one point, we spotted a narrow tunnel that led under the fort. I remember it being dark, with a mud and plank floor. The roof was low. As I entered the tunnel, I suddenly felt transported in time. No longer was I a chubby-cheeked, bespectacled kid from Pugwash. Instead, I was a French soldier of the 1700s, stationed in a frontier outpost far from mother France and the comforts of home.

Today, I'm left to wonder: Did any troops seek shelter in that tunnel during the siege of 1755, when for almost two weeks English mortars rained destruction on the defences, leading ultimately to the fort's capture? One thing's certain — almost thirty years later, I have never forgotten that moment. And I'm sure you all have a similar story to share.

It is at these storied places that Canada's history truly comes alive. Whether they are the imposing stone walls of the Fortress of Louisbourg on Cape Breton Island, or the majestic mortuary poles of Nan Sdins off the coast of British Columbia, the features of our National Historic Sites speak to us in powerful ways.

With this issue, we kick off a special six-part series celebrating Parks Canada's centennial. Throughout 2011, we'll bring you the stories behind Canada's historic sites, which are key features of our Canadian parks system.

MARIANNE HELM

To start things off, we are throwing down the gauntlet by naming our picks for Canada's top 10 National Historic Sites.

Now it's your turn. What is your favourite National Historic Site — and why? Perhaps you worked at a historic site, or helped build or restore one. Or maybe you shared a memorable moment at a historic site with friends or family.

We're hoping to weave your memories into a national story in honour of Parks Canada's centennial year.

So send us a short note, of no more than 300 words, listing your favourite National Historic Site, along with your memories, anecdotes, and/or photos, and you could win an Adventure Canada Dream Cruise along the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador aboard the *Clipper Adventurer*. For more details on the contest, check out our ad on page 23, or go to CanadasHistory.ca.

Until then, we look forward to hearing from you — and to sharing your favourite historic sites with the readers of *Canada's History*.

Mark Reid

Contributors

Susan Goldenberg's "Unmasked" is one of many stories she has written for this magazine over the years. She is the author of nine non-fiction books, mostly business history sagas, and won the Canadian Author's Award for *The Thomson Empire*, about Roy and Kenneth Thomson. She was Canadian bureau chief for the *Dallas Morning News* and has written for the *New York Times* and Canada's financial newspapers. She lives in Toronto.

Joseph Graham is the author of "Parliament in Flames" and has written for many Quebec publications. Since 2001 he has written a monthly column about the history of the Laurentians and is a past editor of *Quebec Heritage News*. His best-selling book, *Naming the Laurentians*, describes Canadian history by examining the backgrounds of place names and how they came to be chosen. Graham lives in the Laurentians, where he promotes local heritage.

Kelly Putter, who wrote "The Flying Housewife," is a Niagara, Ontario-based freelance writer who covers social and cultural issues. A former reporter for the *Welland Tribune*, she holds a degree in history and English from the University of Toronto and is a graduate of Sheridan College's journalism program. Putter's work has appeared in newspapers and magazines, including the *Hamilton Spectator*, the *Toronto Star*, and *Reader's Digest*.

In "Lord Durham," Richard W. Pound argues that the author of the Durham Report played a key role in keeping French culture alive in North America — a view that has fallen out of fashion. Pound is the author of several historical works. He was also chancellor of McGill University and is a director of Canada's History Society. He is also the founding chair of the World Anti-Doping Agency. Pound is based in Montreal.

Preserving the park

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I enjoy reading *Canada's History* very much. In the [October-November 2010] issue I was especially interested in the article on Banff celebrating its 125-year anniversary as a national park.

I would like to add a little history to the establishment story. It involves my great-grandfather, James Trow, MP, from South Perth, Ontario. (He had been in the Legislative Assembly from 1867 to 1871 and in 1872 was elected to the Commons for South Perth.) As chairman of the immigration and colonization committee for five sessions of Parliament, he travelled through Manitoba, the North-West Territories, and British Columbia.

When he travelled west to what is now Banff in 1885, he visited the hot springs, and, on his return to Ottawa, he extolled the beauty of the site to the minister of the interior, urging that it be reserved as a public park. I will quote the extract by him from Hansard of April 20, 1887:

"The Minister of the Interior has just stated that I was the individual who first drew the attention of the Government to the advisability of reserving a portion of the territory near Banff for a public park."

Earlier in the same Hansard account, the minister of the interior, Thomas White, who was responsible for pushing Bill 16 respecting the Banff National Park, said: "The Hon. Member for South Perth [Mr. Trow] was one of the first to call my attention to the importance of the government reserving them [the springs]."

In fact, the two young men from the CPR who earlier claimed the springs — Tom and William McCardell, whom you mentioned in your article — were from Perth County, Ontario, and had told Trow about their discovery. They had urged him to support their claim, but he said at the time: "I declined to do so because I considered that no man had a right to such valuable property without being in possession of means to put valuable places of accommodation upon it."

Keep up the interesting historical articles.

Carol Trow Seaborn
Ottawa

Military mischief

Jack Granatstein's "Revolt of the Admirals" in your August-September 2010 issue reminded me of the hilarious suggestion then making the rounds that, should full unification of Canada's three armed services actually take place, our men in uniform might then be collectively referred to as FINKs — Flying Infantrymen with Naval Knowledge.

Dixon Carmichael
Edmonton

Wartime memories

I have a small addition to make to the history of Canada and the navy as told in the October-November 2010 issue of *Canada's History*.

During the years of the First World War, the Royal Naval Air Service maintained a recruiting office on Yonge Street in Toronto. My father, Douglas Johnston, enlisted there on November 14, 1917, his nineteenth birthday. He sailed for England in January, going first by rail to Halifax. Once in England, he went to the air force base in Lincolnshire. He spent the last year of the war flying over and photographing German trenches.

On November 11, 1918, he was in Bruges, Belgium, watching the wild rejoicing in the streets, and mourning. His older brother, Mills Johnston, had joined the Queen's Battalion of the Canadian Army and gone overseas in 1916. He eventually joined the air force. Mills died when his plane crash-landed; his head hit the dashboard.

In early 1918, the Royal Naval Air Service joined with the Royal Flying Corps to form the Royal Air Force. For the flyers, the major change was that they had to have new uniforms, and, as officers, they had to buy them. Thus it happened that my grandmother, widowed in 1915, had to pay for several new uniforms, quite beautiful ones. When we moved back into the old house in Athens, Ontario, in 1938, they were still upstairs in a closet. But, tightly closed steel trunk or not, the clothes moths had had a field day. My father took them out to the back garden, where they were quietly burned. He did cut off the buttons, but now I do not know their whereabouts.

My father studied medicine at McGill University and, after a varied career, died of heart trouble in 1969. He is buried in the pretty little cemetery by the St. Lawrence near Cardinal, Ontario. It was his wife's territory, rather than his, but I think he would appreciate it.

Shirley Lorimer
Via email

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Vrai ou faux?

I enjoyed reading your October-November 2010 issue of *Canada's History*. The article "Take Me to Havana" by Maria Amuchastegui was of special interest. One sentence in particular grabbed my attention: "At stores such as Eaton's francophone staff had to serve francophone customers in English ... since their job was on the line." Is this a myth based on anecdotal evidence?

As a former Montrealer and Anglophone Quebecer, I worked part-time at Eaton's downtown department store from 1968 to 1971. In so doing, I improved my spoken French well beyond the basic skills I had learned at school. This was due to the fact that I was directed to serve customers in the language with which they first presented themselves — which was usually French.

Is there any written evidence of Eaton's speak-English-only policy for staff? Possibly it was directed to managers of the Quebec stores. If so, my manager, a proud English Quebecer, never informed me of this policy, and if it existed at all it was never enforced on my French-Canadian co-workers.

Robert Bowes
Kingston, Ontario

True game changer

Congratulations on the new format. I continue to look forward to every issue.

I read with interest the short outline on lacrosse in the Currents section of the August-September 2010 issue, where the game "blended European and First Nations cultures." However, what I felt was missing from the article was any reference to Dr. George W. Beers, often referred to as the father of lacrosse.

Dr. Beers (1841–1900) was an outstanding Montreal dentist of his day and had been playing lacrosse since age of six. In 1860 he published a brochure that laid down basic rules of lacrosse, and in 1867 he formed the National Lacrosse Association. In 1869 he published *Lacrosse, the National Game of Canada* and in an effort to promote the game overseas he was influential in taking the first Canadian lacrosse team on two tours of the British Isles in 1876 and 1883. In recognition as a builder, and for his great contributions to the game, Dr. Beers was inducted into the Canadian Lacrosse Hall of Fame in 1965.

Ralph Crawford
Delta, British Columbia

Errata

[In 1917, Wilfrid Laurier was the Opposition leader. The December 2010-January 2011 Laugh Lines column incorrectly identified him as the prime minister.]

Canada's History welcomes reader's comments. E-mail us at editors@canadashistory.ca or write to *Canada's History*, Bryce Hall Main Floor, University of Winnipeg, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB, Canada, R3B 2E9. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

Coming in the next issue of *Canada's History*

God's Country

They came, they taught, they tried to win converts — and some of them were tortured and killed. The Jesuit missionaries of seventeenth century French Canada were a force to be reckoned with.
By Dominique Deslandres.

Off the Beaten Track

Few people will ever be able to visit them, but that is no reason not to preserve the historic landmarks of Canada's Arctic. A look at the historic legacy in our new northern national parks.
By Ken McGoogan.

Canada's First Car

A forward-thinking parish priest brought a new fangled contraption to the sleepy village of Rustico, P.E.I., in 1866. Things were never the same afterwards.
By James Mays and Ryan Rogers.

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OUR HOME & NATIVE

Insulin

Frederick Banting was born in 1891 on a farm near Alliston, Ontario. Before his thirtieth birthday, he made a breakthrough that extended the lives of millions of diabetics.

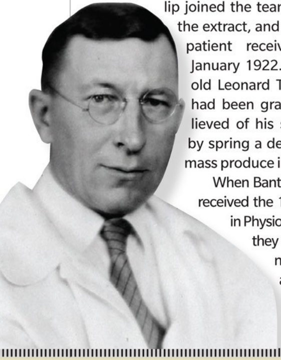
Scientists had discovered a connection between diabetes and the failure of pancreatic cells called the islets of Langerhans, but they were unable to further isolate the cause of the disease or to offer an effective treatment. In the fall of 1920 — the same year he opened his first medical practice — Banting read an article that inspired in him the idea of a hormone produced by the islets.

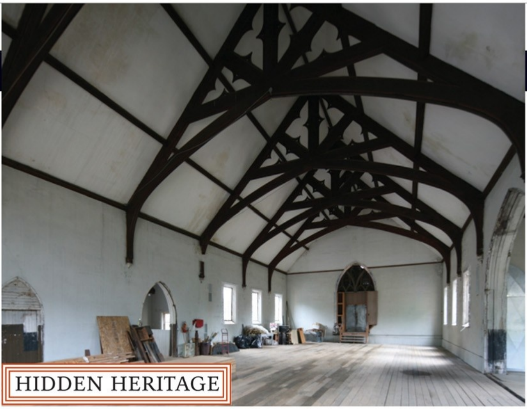
He convinced physiology department head John J.R. Macleod to let him conduct experiments at the University of Toronto, with assistance from medical student Charles Best. By the next summer, they were ready to inject diabetic dogs with an extract they had produced.

Biochemist James Bertram Collip joined the team to help refine the extract, and the first human patient received insulin in January 1922. Fourteen-year-old Leonard Thompson, who had been gravely ill, was relieved of his symptoms, and by spring a deal was made to mass produce insulin.

When Banting and Macleod received the 1923 Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine, they shared their winnings with Best and Collip.

— **Phil Koch**





MALCOLM THURLBY

HIDDEN HERITAGE

Old Town Hall

Paris, Ontario, designed by John Maxwell, 1853 to 1854

An 1854 newspaper article about Paris, Ontario, notes the "very substantial and excellent Market House and Town Hall." London, Ontario's *The Times* called the building's style "very remarkable being so strongly ecclesiastical that any stranger ill-informed to the contrary would at once pronounce it a church."

Gothic — the medieval style of pointed arches, lofty towers, and sharp pinnacles — had by the 1850s become the preferred choice for church architecture in Ontario, but not for secular buildings. In the civic realm, the classical tradition prevailed, with ultimate reference to ancient Greece and Rome often filtered through Renaissance, baroque, or neoclassical intermediaries. Yet by 1859, the Gothic style was chosen for the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa.

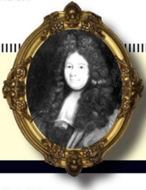
The building's architect, John Maxwell (1803–1889), was remarkably well informed about contemporary British practice and theory concerning Gothic architecture. The soaring tower of Paris Town Hall is a monumental beacon of government that calls to mind the Houses of Parliament in London, England. The use of brick may reflect Italian Gothic precedent, as advocated by the English Victorian art and architecture critic John Ruskin (1819–1900).

Many motifs, such as the magnificent open-timber roof of the assembly hall, can be traced to English medieval sources published in the architectural press from the late 1820s through the early 1850s. — **Malcolm Thurlby**

Contributed by the Society for the Study of Architecture in Canada, a learned society devoted to the examination of Canada's built environment. See canada-architecture.org.

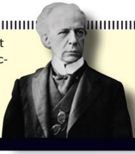
TAKE THE DAY OFF

February 6



To note New France Intendant Michel Bégon's 1722 introduction of the death penalty for women who left babies to die after concealing pregnancy. Ponder the sanctity of life.

February 17



To honour ex-Prime Minister Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Canada's longest-serving Member of Parliament, who died of a stroke on this day in 1919. Remain seated.

LAUGH LINES

Pièce de résistance

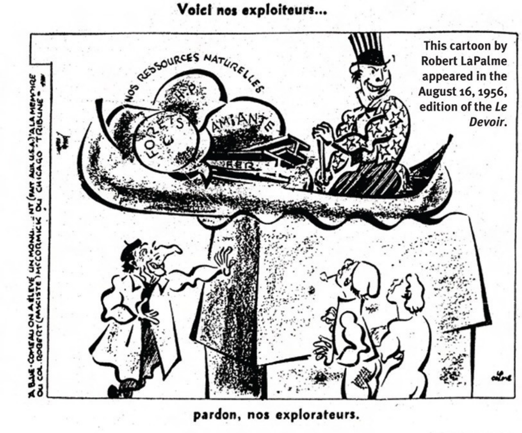
In 1956, the city of Baie Comeau, Quebec, erected a statue dedicated to Colonel Robert M. McCormick, owner and publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*, who died in 1955.

McCormick was an American who had been attracted to Quebec by the low wages and favourable business opportunities. In 1936, in the middle of the Depression, he financed the construction of a pulp and newsprint centre in Baie Comeau.

Le Devoir, a newspaper that supported the Liberal Pary, felt that Quebec-owned and -operated businesses, paying reasonable wages to workers, should benefit from the profits generated by the province's natural resources, such as asbestos, iron, and lumber.

The paper also disliked McCormick because his ultra-conservative, anti-communist, anti-union, and authoritarian methods were very similar to those of Quebec Premier Maurice Duplessis, leader of the Union Nationale party.

— **Charles Hou**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DU COL. ROBERT (FASCISTE) McCORMICK DU CHICAGO "TRIBUNE"
pardon, nos explorateurs.

This cartoon by Robert LaPalme appeared in the August 16, 1956, edition of the *Le Devoir*.

Translation: "Here are our exploiters … pardon, our explorers. At Baie Comeau they have raised a monument (made in the U.S.A.) to the memory of Robert (Faciste) McCormick of the Chicago 'Tribune.'"

BY THE NUMBERS

Africville

With its beginnings in the mid-nineteenth century, the north Halifax community known as Africville was eventually home to eighty mainly black families. Decisions to locate heavy industry in the area and to deny services, plus consultations involving outside experts, culminated in a 1964 recommendation to demolish Africville's homes. Africville has since become symbolic both of the aspirations of black Nova Scotians and of imposed urban renewal schemes gone wrong. In February 2010, Halifax Mayor Peter Kelly issued a formal apology for the loss of the community.

1848 Year of land purchases by William Brown and William Arnold, the first to be documented in the area that became known as Africville.

1919 Year of petition to Halifax council asking for better police protection in Africville.

100 Distance in metres from some homes to the Halifax city dump after the latter was relocated in the mid-1950s.

65 Percent of Africville residents surveyed in 1959 who liked living there and did not wish to move. Most believed their children would have better lives in Africville.

800,000 Cost in dollars of the 1964–70 relocation — the same amount the city had in 1963 deemed too expensive to upgrade services for the area.

95 Percent of relocated residents who in 1969 thought the city had gotten a better deal than they did.

3 million Dollars pledged by the city in 2010 toward rebuilding the Seaview African United Baptist Church, which was bulldozed in 1967.

Compiled from The Spirit of Africville *(second edition 2010), produced by the Africville Genealogical Society.*

March 1

To observe the beginning in 1888 of parcel post between Canada and the United States. Surprise your neighbour.

March 18

To remember the "great Alberta meteor," a fireball that streaked across the skies in 1934 before creating shock waves as it exploded. Sing "Great Balls of Fire."

March 27

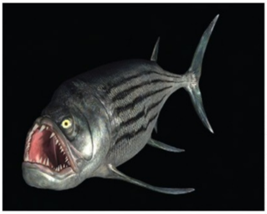
To mark Cardinal Richelieu's 1632 prohibition of the Récollets' return to New France in favour of the better-financed Jesuits. Read Machiavelli.

Workers uncover fossils at a dig site along the Manitoba Escarpment. The large predatory fish xiphanctinus, below, lived 80 million years ago.

CANADIAN FOSSIL DISCOVERY CENTRE

Fossil finds

Staff of the Canadian Fossil Discovery Centre have unearthed and are displaying the remains of a voracious predator, one of a series of significant finds over the past few years.



NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

The Morden, Manitoba, centre's staff first came across the vestiges of the gigantic xiphanctinus late in 2009 at a dig site in the Manitoba Escarpment, part of which runs across the southwest portion of the province and forms the boundary of the glacial Lake Agassiz.

CFDC paleontologists began cleaning the specimens of the eighty-million-year-old fish that winter. They were excited to confirm that they had found not only xiphanctinus jawbones but also remnants of the creature's prey, a marine reptile called a mosasaur.

The site "proved to be a fantastic find, with both xiphanctinus and mosasaur fossils present, as well as other specimens," said CFDC general manager Tyler Schroeder.

The dig site is expanding rapidly due to the abundance of fossils. More pieces of the xiphanctinus were excavated throughout 2010, and the search will continue this year.

The xiphanctinus fossils will be the largest prehistoric fish in the museum's collection — somewhere between five and six metres long. Part of the fish is already on display.

This is the centre's third major fossil find in the last five years. In 2008, a mosasaur nicknamed Angus was discovered. Angus measures close to thirteen metres but is not scheduled for exhibit until the museum is able to build a new and much-needed state-of-the-art facility.

The 2004 find of a short-neck plesiosaur nicknamed Betsy signalled the revival the following year of the centre's previously dormant dig program. It was the most complete articulated skeleton discovered by the centre since the 1980s and is now fully prepared and partly on display.

"It's finds like these that continue to push the CFDC into a leading role for the collection of marine reptile fossils across the country," observed CDFC board president Henry Penner.

— Beverley Tallon

Stones of contention

Ottawa archaelogical assessment winds up in court

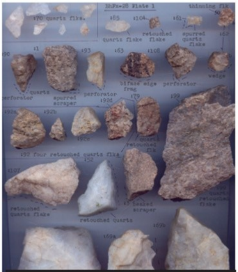
Civil lawsuits often involve digging up dirt — but it's not usually as literal as in the case of Swayze vs. Kanata Road Inc.

Archaeologist Ken Swayze was hired in 2005 to prepare an archaeological assessment of a sixteen-hectare parcel of rocky, forested land in Ottawa's west end. Kanata Road Inc. wanted to build housing and required the assessment to obtain development permits.

After digging hundreds of test pits, Swayze recovered 14,136 items that he identified as "pre-contact lithic artifacts" — stone objects created by Aboriginals before European contact. While most were declared "detritus," he classified four percent — about 465 items — as tools, including scrapers, choppers, and knives.

Swayze believed he had discovered ancient tool workshops and hunting grounds used by nomadic hunters some ten thousand years ago on what was then the shore of the Champlain Sea. This postglacial sea was an arm of the North Atlantic Ocean that covered the present-day St. Lawrence Lowlands and Ottawa Valley.

According to Swayze's theory — supported by Robert McGhee, the retired curator of Arctic archaeology for the Canadian Museum of Civilization — the marine mammals living in the Champlain Sea attracted hunters who extracted blocks of quartz from the rocky shoreline and then chipped and hammered the quartz into crude tools.



Ken Swayze believes these and other artifacts are stone tools used by natives approximately ten thousand years ago.

Swayze recommended further excavation, which would have delayed the development and cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, said Steve Cunliffe, manager of land development for the Regional Group of Companies, which is managing the project.

"We looked at these artifacts and they just looked like rocks," he said. "In the archaeological community, it's quite controversial what these purported artifacts are or are not."

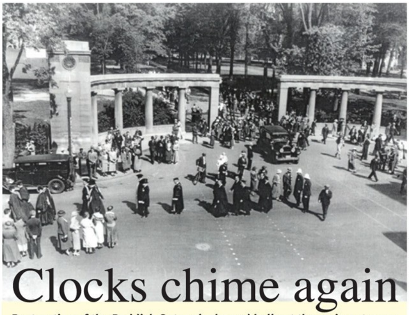
The development company hired Lawrence Jackson, another expert in prehistoric archaeology, who found no stone tools and said the question of "Paleo-Indian" occupation was "largely unresolved."

Swayze has filed a lawsuit in the Ontario Superior Court claiming that Kanata Road Inc. owes him $70,000 in unpaid fees. The company counter-sued for damages arising from the delay to development.

Swayze's lawyer said he expects the court case to proceed early in 2011. Meanwhile, the land has already been blasted for development.

Swaths of adjacent land are also zoned for development, and Swayze's supporters are pressing for more archaeological assessments. They believe sites that could yield insight into the lives of ancient hunters risk being bulldozed into oblivion.

— Kate Jaimet

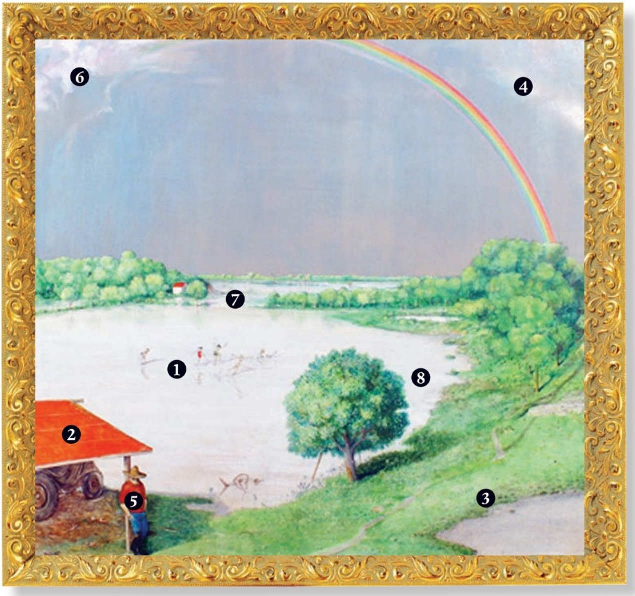


THE J.W. MCCONNELL FAMILY FOUNDATION/MCCORD MUSEUM

Clocks chime again

Restoration of the Roddick Gates clocks and bells at the main entrance to the campus of Montreal's McGill University has been completed. Amy Redpath Roddick, widow of former professor and dean of medicine Sir Thomas George Roddick, gave the clock tower and gates to the university in 1925, but it had been many years since the clocks and bells were in working order. Their restoration was spearheaded by Dr. Joseph Hanaway, who graduated from McGill in the 1950s and now lives in Missouri. The refurbished tower — complete with water-sealed, satellite-controlled clocks, computerized bells, and a new bronze door — was unveiled last October.

NICOLAS MORIN/MCGILL UNIVERSITY



CONFEDERATION CENTRE ART GALLERY/CAG 71-15 COPYRIGHT: ESTATE OF WILLIAM KURELEK, COURTESY WYNICK/TUCK GALLERY, TORONTO

Bittersweet harvest

William Kurelek's lively painting brims with hope fuelled by the artist's religious zeal.

❶ *I Triumphed and I Saddened With All Weather* shows a farmer by his flooded field. A large rainbow encircles the sky and a group of young children play in the flood water, creating joy out of tragedy.

❷ William Kurelek was born in 1927 and grew up during the Great Depression, the son of Ukrainian immigrant farmers. His life on a grain farm in Whitford, Alberta, and on a dairy farm near Stonewall, Manitoba, was often reflected in his work.

❸ Kurelek briefly went to art school but was primarily self-taught. He used a unique technique in his paintings, first applying acrylic or oil paints on board and then outlining the images with a ballpoint pen. He would add texture with coloured pencils by scratching and scrubbing the surface or by applying additional pen lines.

❹ Much of Kurelek's work was done to accompany books, especially books for children. This painting was produced in 1970. A prolific artist, by the time of his death in 1977 he had produced over two thousand paintings.

❺ Kurelek's paintings were done in what is considered to be a folk-art style. He would add great detail and realism in the illustration of people and their clothing, as well as with the animals, insects, buildings, and farm equipment.

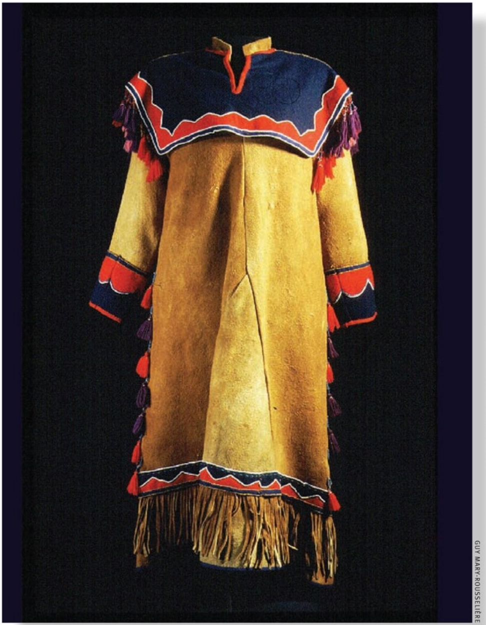
❻ Kurelek's father strongly disapproved of his son's choice of profession. Despite this, the artist went on to win many awards for his work. In 1976 — a year before his death — he was made a Member of the Order of Canada.

❼ One of Kurelek's greatest influences was the Flemish artist Pieter Bruegel. This can be seen in the wide-angle views and the numerous figures that dot his paintings.

❽ In 1957, Kurelek converted to Catholicism. His religious zeal is apparent in this and other works. Painting allowed him to express his faith — the flood possibly being a biblical reference to human wickedness.

TALES AND TREASURES

From the fur trade history of Hudson's Bay Company



GUY MARY-ROUSSELIÈRE

Dene dress

Early twentieth-century Dene fashion is seen in this moose-skin dress. The amber-coloured, smoke-tanned hide was prepared by Dene women and joined together with sinew. Fur trader influence is shown in the use of woolen cloth for the sleeve ends and shoulder cape. Glass beads and decorative yarn fringes accent the knee-length outfit. European style is also evident in the stand-up military-style collar. — **B.T.**

In The Beaver…

90 Years Ago

A dollar a hide

"The great herds that used to blacken the country to the rim of the horizon had thundered away," wrote W.E. Anderson in the July 1921 issue. When a few Métis buffalo hunters came to hunt near Regina in 1879, they could not believe that there were only "a few stragglers" left. But it was true. Extermination, railway construction, and grasshopper devastation left only about 300 wild Canadian bison by 1908.

60 Years Ago

Caught on film

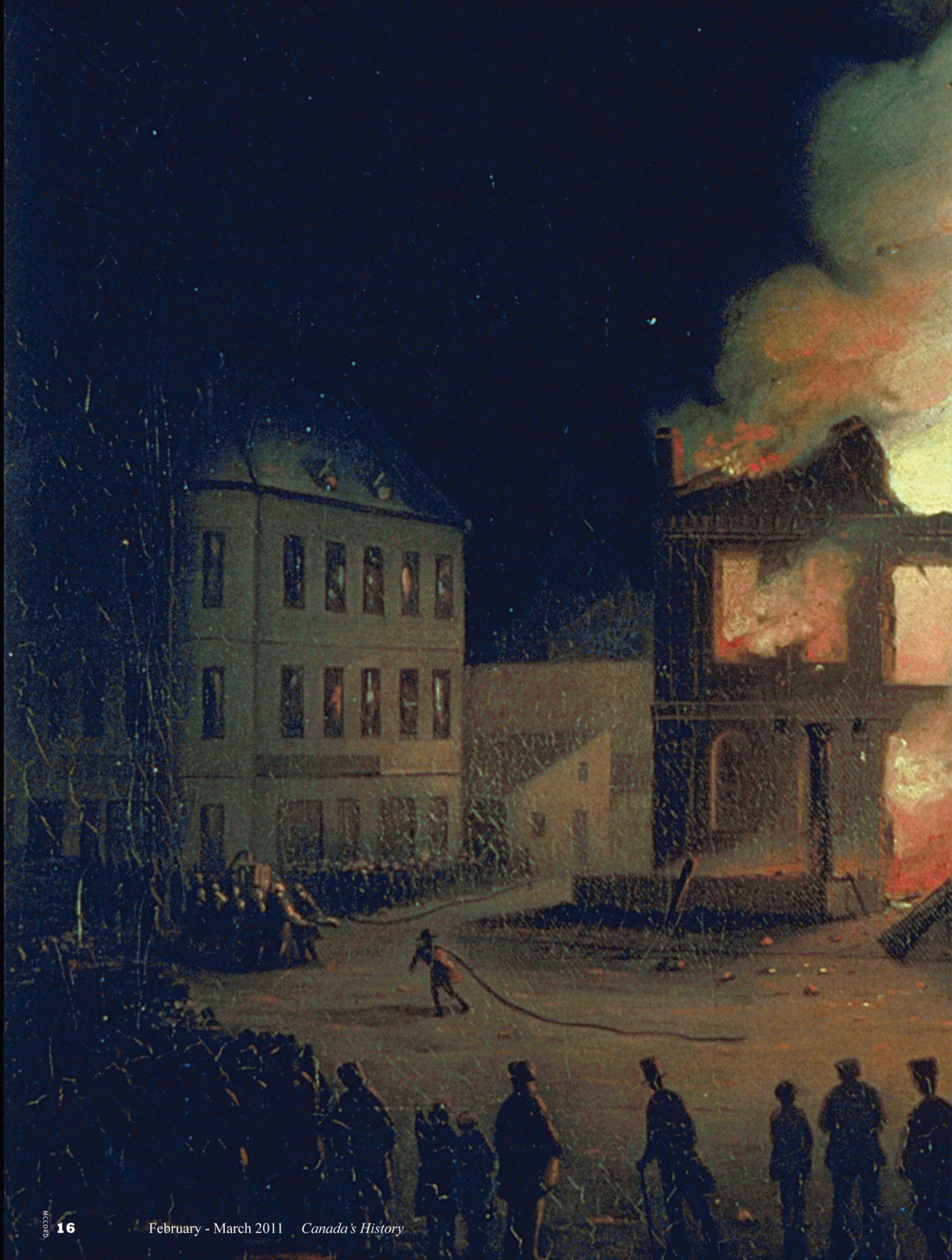
"Northern Portraits" is part of a photographic essay of the people who made their home along the Alaska Highway. The residents' pride and love of country is evident in every wrinkle captured in high definition by photographer Richard Harrington in the March 1951 issue.

30 Years Ago

Jackson on trial

Donald B. Smith tells us about William Henry Jackson, Louis Riel's secretary, in the Spring 1981 publication. Born into an Anglo-Saxon Methodist family, Jackson supported Riel's causes and converted to the Métis leader's Catholic religion. He was charged with "treason-felony" for his role in the Northwest Rebellion in 1885. In a half-hour trial, he was found not guilty by reason of insanity. Escaping the Selkirk Asylum, he lived as Honoré Jaxon, a local union leader in Chicago, until his death at age ninety.

Hudson's Bay Company, founded in 1670, launched *The Beaver* (now *Canada's History* magazine) in 1920. To explore the history and heritage of Hudson's Bay Company, and to read stories from ninety-one years of its flagship magazine, go to **CanadasHistory.ca**



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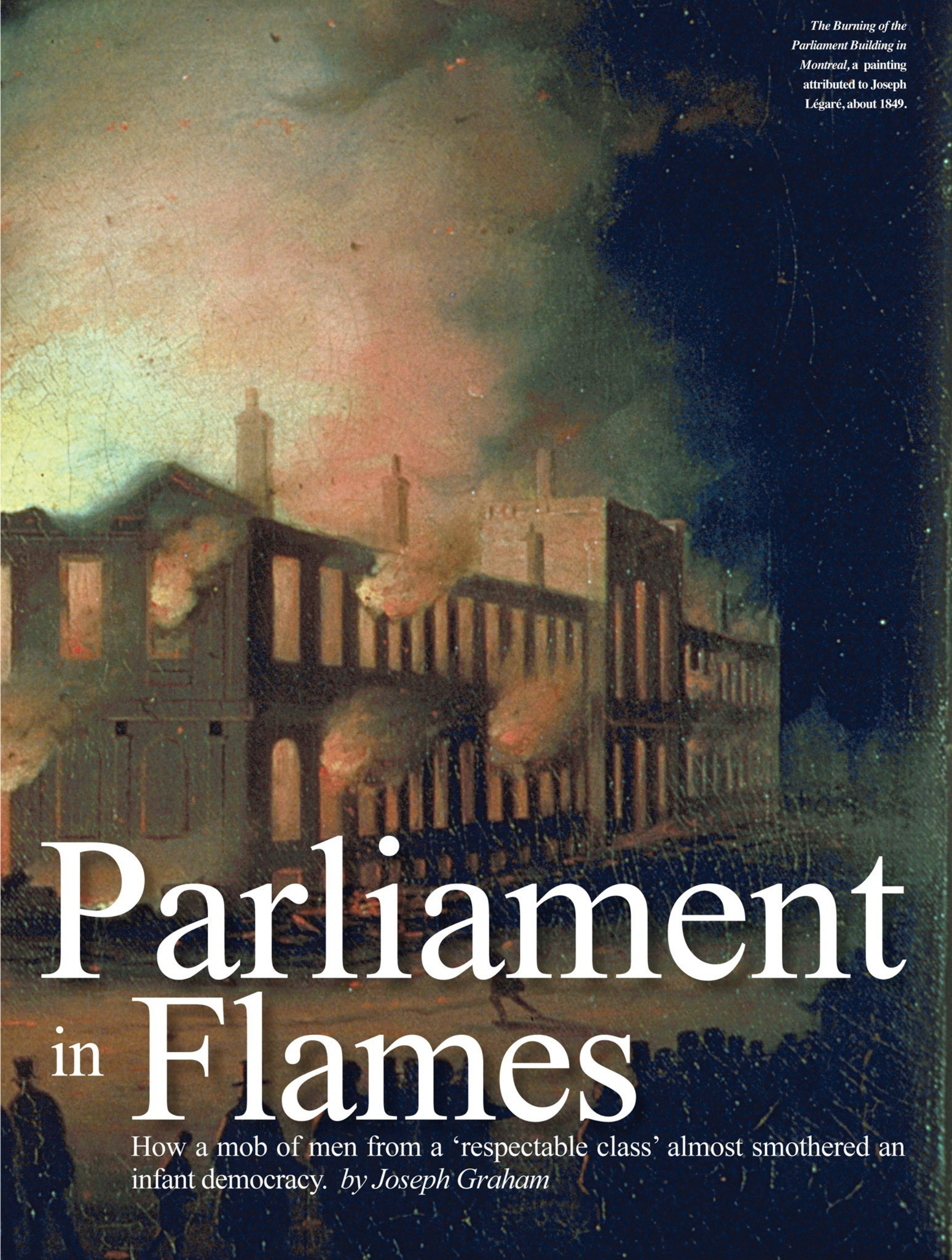
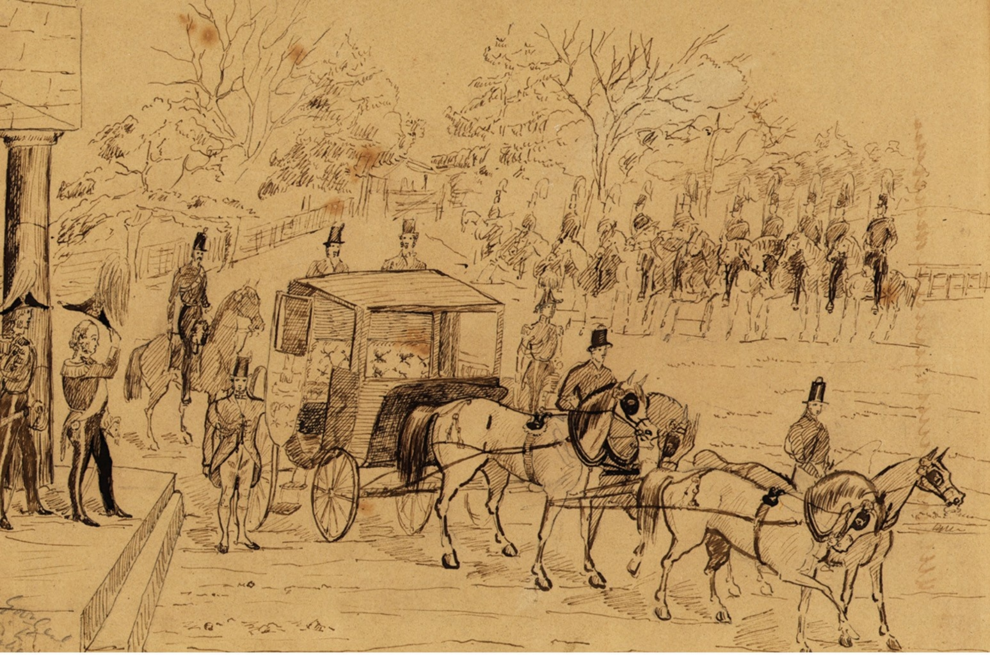


The Burning of the Parliament Building in Montreal, a painting attributed to Joseph Légaré, about 1849.

Parliament in Flames

How a mob of men from a 'respectable class' almost smothered an infant democracy.

by Joseph Graham



Above: ***Lord Elgin and Staff leaving Government House for Parliament, April 1849*****. Drawing by Francis Augustus Grant, about 1849.**

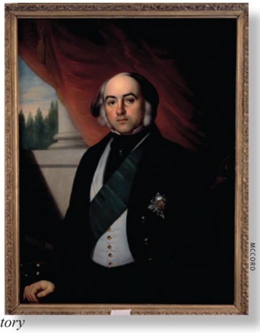
On the morning of April 25, 1849, Lord Elgin, Governor General of the Province of Canada, rode away from the Parliament Building in Montreal. He had just given assent to the Rebellion Losses Bill, a highly contentious piece of legislation that severely tested Canada's newly won system of responsible government.

The bill authorized compensation to people in Canada East (Quebec) who had suffered losses as a result of the infamous uprisings of 1837–1838. It should have been adopted without incident.

A similar bill had passed years earlier for victims in Canada West (Ontario) and the assembly had endorsed this new bill by a vote of more than two to one.

As his stately horse-drawn carriage made its way slowly through the busy market, a large crowd surrounded it. Some French voices cheered, but English ones jeered. Lord Elgin had expected as much.

He had been under considerable pressure to veto the law, either by dissolving Parliament or by referring the bill to the Imperial Parliament in London. "The Tory party are doing what they can by menace, intimidation, and appeals to passion to drive me to a *coup d'état*," Elgin wrote.



Right: ***James Bruce, Earl of Elgin*****. Painting by Cornelius Krieghoff, about 1845.**

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But he refused to counter the decision of the elected assembly — a triumph for Canada's fledgling democracy, but a blow to Montreal's pro-British Tory elite, the English business class. To them, the bill rewarded French-speaking rebel Patriotes.

Suddenly, Elgin's carriage shuddered, hit by a large rock. The atmosphere became leaden, with the jeers drowning out all other noise.

That same afternoon, the *Gazette* of Montreal hastily printed an extra edition with a call to gather for a mass meeting at 8 p.m. that evening:

> *The Disgrace of Great Britain accomplished!*
> *Canada Sold and Given Away!*
> *The End has begun.*
> *Anglo-Saxons you must live for the future.*
> *Your blood and your race will now be supreme.*

A crowd of respectable members of the English community gathered at Place d'Armes in central Montreal. The smell of alcohol filled the air. Angry voices stoked the crowd. Soon the mass of people moved purposefully towards Parliament, with torches in hand.

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The large Parliament Building, a lovely two-storey limestone structure, spread over 106 metres on one side of the market square and contained two libraries, including all the archives of government. One end housed the elected assembly and the other the legislature.

Inside, the assembly was still in session and the large frame of Augustin-Norbert Morin, a man still remembered for his active involvement in the Rebellion of '37, calmly conducted business from the Speaker's chair. Morin was a self-possessed, organized man who controlled the assembly with assurance. Noise from the unruly mob shook the windows as the session continued. Soon, rocks crashed through the glass, followed by fiery torches. A strapping young man ran into the assembly hall and declared, "I hereby dissolve Parliament!"

Simultaneously, the gas mains were opened and set on fire. Curtains were ablaze and the startled members, men from the furthest reaches of the Province of Canada (Ontario and Quebec today), began to rise.

Morin's loud, calm voice called them to order: He insisted on a formal motion of adjournment.

William Rufus Seaver, a pastor who witnessed the event, described the crowd as "a rabble (for that is the only name to call it, even if it was made up of some of our finest citizens)." He went on to describe how they grabbed the golden mace, symbol of royal authority, and "carried it into the street, yelling scornfully and disdainfully all the while."

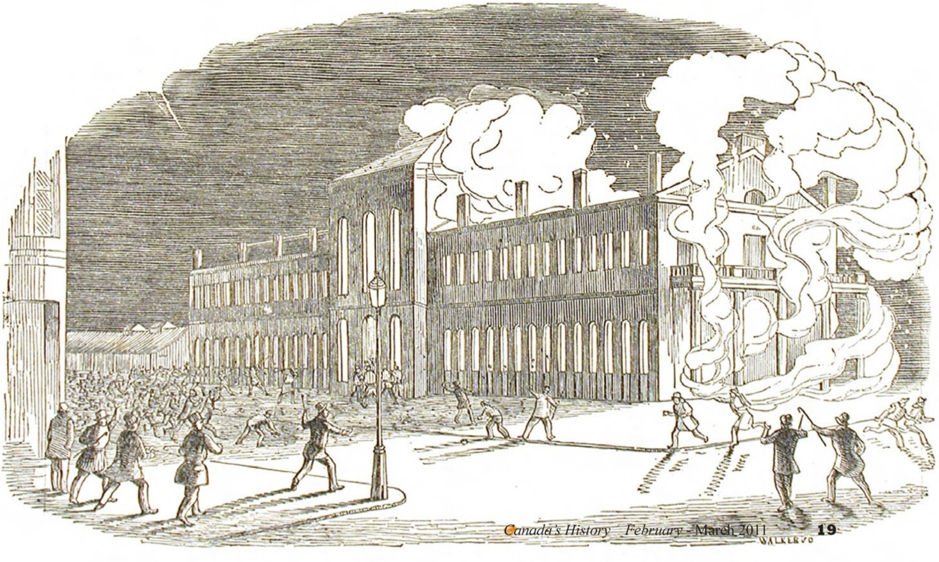
A magnificent painting of Queen Victoria was hastily cut out of its frame and saved from the flames. It now hangs outside of the Senate in the Centre Block of Parliament Hill in Ottawa. Other priceless paintings and documents did not escape the fire. A total of 23,000 volumes in the Parliament's two libraries and archives were lost. Much of it was irreplaceable.

The government had anticipated trouble, but had only two security men at its immediate disposal. Lord Elgin and others felt that resorting to extra protection would exacerbate the problem. And perhaps they did not believe that respectable businessmen would attempt to destroy the seat of government.

During the days that followed, shaken members of the assembly convened for a special meeting at Bonsecours — a domed two-storey market that still stands today. This time they were under the protection of British soldiers. As smoke lingered over the city, the members appointed a committee to report on the bills that were destroyed in the fire.

Controversy surrounding the Rebellion Losses Bill had rocked the colony since the end of the uprisings. Well-remembered in Quebec as La Rébellion des Patriotes de 1837–38, the uprisings began when followers of Louis-Joseph Papineau in Lower Canada (Quebec) and William Lyon Mackenzie in Upper Canada (Ontario) tried to throw off the colonial yoke in an attempt to create a republic. British forces suppressed the uprising, hanging or exiling some of the perpetrators, but the ideal of responsible government forged in the crucible of that period would eventually guide Canada to independence.

In the aftermath of the rebellions, thousands of people in both provinces who had remained loyal to the Crown filed for compensation. In the meantime, Britain merged the two provinces into one. The new Province of Canada would have an English majority, and Upper and Lower Canada became known as Canada West and Canada East, two regions of the same province. Legislation to compensate those living in Canada West (Ontario) passed without fanfare in 1845.



The burning of the legislature of Canada. **Engraving by John Henry Walker, 1850–1885.**

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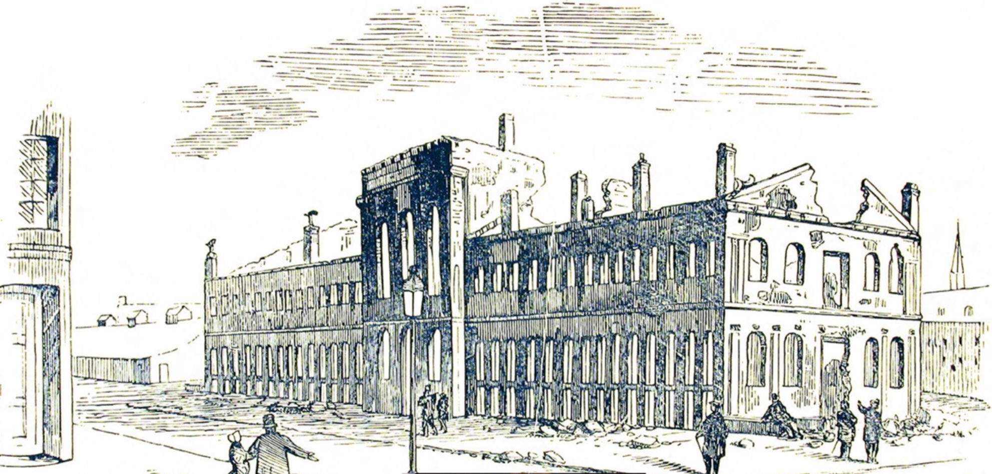

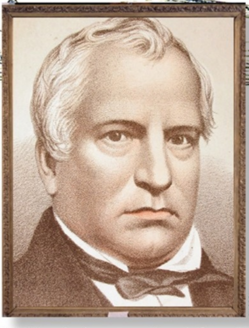

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Above: ***Ruins of the Great Fire at Montreal.*** **Engraving by John Henry Walker, 1850–1885.**

Right: Louis-Hippolyte Lafontaine, about 1880.

But there was much resistance to extending the same to people in Canada East (Quebec).

Louis-Hippolyte LaFontaine was the first prime minister of this new parliamentary democracy, experiencing its birth by fire. He had committed his government to making sure that those who had suffered unfairly at the hands of the soldiers would be compensated. In fact, in the minds of his French electors, the Rebellion Losses Bill had become a symbol, the necessary proof that his government really represented them. His voters felt a wrong had been committed against them, and if the government did not correct it, then it was not their government.

Robert Baldwin, the highly respected Reform leader in Canada West, had made common cause with LaFontaine. They shared the belief that the British government would respect their right to govern if they demonstrated a convincing majority of support among the people of both Canada West and Canada East.

They won that majority in the elections of 1848, carried largely by the French vote in Canada East. LaFontaine, who became the first prime minister on January 18, 1849, had Lord Elgin read the Speech from the Throne in both French and English at the opening of Parliament.

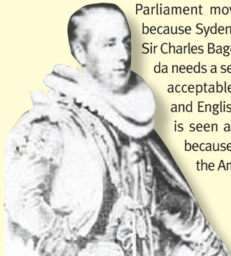
This act showed that Canada had achieved responsible government and that French was accepted as an official language of Parliament. The one promise yet to be fulfilled was the passage of the Rebellion Losses Bill. But much still stood in the way.

Montreal's Tories found themselves in opposition for

Moving Parliament

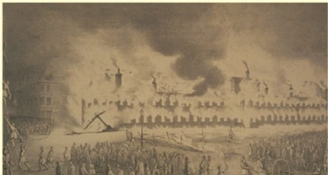
Ottawa was not always Canada's capital. Here are some of its earlier locations:

Kingston, Ontario, 1841–1843
With Upper and Lower Canadan newly united as the Province of Canada, Governor General Charles Sydenham chooses Kingston as the capital. The first three sessions of Parliament are held in a vacant hospital that has been renovated for the purpose.



Montreal, 1844–1849
Parliament moves to Montreal because Sydenham's sucesssor, Sir Charles Bagot, believes Canada needs a seat of government acceptable to both French and English. Also, Kingston is seen as too vulnerable because of its proximity to the American border.

Toronto, 1849–1851
After a mob sets fire to the Parliament Building in Montreal, the capital moves to Toronto. However, there is continuing debate about the most suitable location for the seat of government.



the first time since the creation of Lower Canada in 1791. In previous elections, even if they found themselves in the minority, they still had the ear of the governor, they still controlled the legislature, the upper house, and they still had the final say. This time was different, though. Lord Elgin had committed himself to abide by the decisions of whichever party could demonstrate that it had the confidence of the people.

In 1844, the seat of Parliament had been moved from Kingston, Ontario, to Montreal. This brought it closer to the powerful English business elite that had controlled Canada since the late 1700s. They seethed with resentment in the face of the successful election of a French prime minister who had himself been a Patriote, a rebel. It seemed to the city's English merchant class that LaFontaine's insistence on the Rebellion Losses Bill was just a way for the rebels to exact revenge for having lost the rebellion.

The rioting that began with the burning of the Parliament Building lasted two days. During the riots, a mob attacked LaFontaine's beautiful home in Montreal's Overdale district. They set fire to his valuable library containing both books and manuscripts. They destroyed his furniture and china, and set his stables on fire.

Other supporters were attacked in the street. Elgin himself stayed behind the walls of his home. In a letter he wrote to Lord Grey, the colonial secretary, on April 30, he expressed deep concern about the situation: "It is my firm conviction that if this dictation [by the mobs] be submitted to, the government of this province by constitutional means will be impossible...."

Elgin ventured out only once. On that occasion his carriage was pelted with stones. Making his way home, he chose an unexpected route to avoid confrontation, but when the mob learned his route they gave chase, forcing his driver to whip the horses.

After that, he stayed home, protected by guards and indifferent to the accusations of cowardice published in the Tory papers. "I am prepared," he said, "to bear any amount of obloquy that may be cast upon me, but, if I can possibly prevent it, no stain of blood shall rest upon my name." Elgin knew that a confrontation could cause the whole French populace to rise in defence of the government, resulting in a "collision between the races."

The situation calmed for a while, but the troubles flared up again in August after a number of arson suspects were rounded up and charged. LaFontaine was twice attacked on the street.

His house was again targeted, but this time friends rallied around him. They hid in the shadows behind the window shutters on the otherwise calm night of August 18. As they waited in the dark, a mob approached and began throwing stones. LaFontaine's friends fired from their hiding places. The mob fired back. By the time the shooting was over, seven of the attackers were wounded and one of them, William Mason, eventually died.

Tory papers stoked the already smouldering situation, condemning the act of murder "of an Anglo-Saxon by a Frenchman." William Mason was carried to his grave, surrounded by men in red armbands, and when LaFontaine testified at the inquest into Mason's death, a rabble set fire to the hotel where the inquest was being held.

Lord Elgin, who could easily have called in the army and violently quelled the rioters, refrained from doing so. Even his most vocal supporters could not abide his patience, but, in the end, having no fresh fuel to feed their fury, the troublemakers calmed down.

Elgin's tactic had worked. By backing the assembly's decision in the face of doubt, questions, and violence, Lord Elgin proved to be the successful midwife attending at the birth of responsible government in Canada.

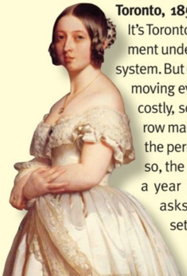
Over one hundred and fifty years ago, Canadian democracy faced its first major challenge: The transfer of power from the governor to an elected Parliament came at a cost with the burning of the Parliament Building, but the new government held and brought forth a modern, bilingual, self-governing society. While we celebrate Confederation as the beginning of our country, it would not have been possible without the successful birth of a self-governing Canada in 1849.

Et Cetera

Louis-Hippolyte LaFontaine & Robert Baldwin by John Ralston Saul. Penguin Canada, Toronto, 2010.

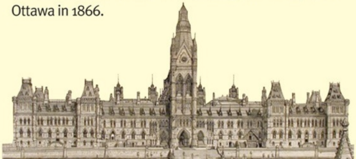
MCCORD

Quebec City, 1852–1855
Parliament moves here after the government decides to rotate Parliament between Toronto and Quebec City every four years, a system known as perambulation. The Parliament Building in Quebec accidently burns down in 1854, so the government moves to the Quebec Music Hall and Courthouse.



Toronto, 1856–1859
It's Toronto's turn to host Parliament under the perambulation system. But many members think moving every four years is too costly, so they vote by a narrow margin to make Quebec the permanent capital. Even so, the debate rages on and a year later, the assembly asks Queen Victoria to settle the matter.

Quebec City, 1860–1865
Parliament returns to Quebec, but only temporarily. Queen Victoria has surprised everyone by picking Ottawa, a rough little lumber town located on the border between French and English Canada. It takes four years to construct the Parliament Buildings, which open in Ottawa in 1866.



Lord Durham

The Englishman who kept French culture alive. *by Richard W. Pound*

It may be too late for Lord Durham to be embraced within Quebec as the person who made it possible for French language and culture to thrive in North America. After all, Durham had expected the French to eventually assimilate into English Canada. For this, as well as some of his more trenchant observations of Lower Canada, he has become a prime target in some histories.

But, consider the situation in Durham's time. The 1837–38 rebellions in Lower Canada were not popularly based, were opposed by the Roman Catholic clergy, were of interest only to certain members of professional classes, and were easily crushed. The leaders either were dealt with or escaped outside the country. The real conflicts, as Durham saw them, were rooted in race, not politics.

The Patriotes were capable of tactical initiatives — such as paralyzing the colonial government — but were devoid of strategic planning to improve conditions for their compatriots. And they enraged the British minority in Lower Canada, which believed it should have political control out of proportion to its size. This was an unreasonable view, even allowing for the fact that universal suffrage was generations in the future and that the franchise of the time depended on ownership of real property.

Tensions between English and French in Lower Canada would inevitably have led to armed conflict. French Canadians would then have faced a dilemma, since Britain would certainly have taken the side of the colonists of British origin. The Americans might have intervened, but only out of self-interest — the survival of French-Canadian language, customs, and institutions would have been of no consequence to them. French Canadians themselves were unequipped for war and France was unable and disinclined to help them.

The French Canadians would lose much if war broke out. The extraordinary protections of the Quebec Act of 1774 and the Constitution Act of 1791 would certainly disappear. At best, they might maintain their traditional existence in isolated rural communities. At worst, they risked complete absorption into a North American melting pot.

Into this highly charged situation came Lord Durham, by far the most important British personage ever to visit the colonies. He arrived in May of 1838, clothed with unprecedented power as Governor General and High Commissioner to North America. The Constitution Act of 1791 was suspended. Not only was Durham to govern, he was also to find a solution to the future governance of the colonies.

No one else in the British Empire had the capacity and personal reputation to undertake this enormous task. Even at that, party politics in Westminster undermined Durham's authority and he resigned as Governor General after only a few months in Canada. However, he continued with preparation of his report and devoted all of his efforts in the short time he lived thereafter — he died in 1840 at age forty-eight — to ensuring that his recommendations were accepted.

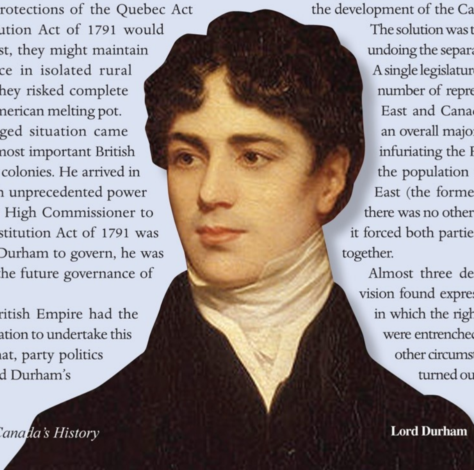
It has become fashionable to criticize the Durham Report. Critics point to the short time he spent in Canada, his assessment of French Canadians as "a people with no literature and no history," and his expectation that they would eventually be assimilated into a British society. He's also been taken to task for his views on Upper Canada and certain of his historical observations.

Many of the criticisms are valid, but they overlook the huge and central vision of responsible government contained in the report. The report was essentially a political document; it was never intended to be a doctoral thesis in history. No one, other than Durham, could possibly have put forward such an idea with any credibility, especially in the only place where it mattered — Westminster. It became Durham's mission to bring Westminster to the conclusions he had reached. This was complicated by the fact that the Imperial Parliament was largely uninformed and uninterested in colonial matters, other than as fodder for domestic political advantage.

His larger vision was a form of confederation of all the Canadian colonies, but that time was not yet ripe. It would not fully ripen until Britain noted the size of the army the United States was able to mobilize for the American Civil War and realized that it could not hope to win a war in North America. In the short term, however, the Upper and Lower Canada situation had to be dealt with on an urgent basis. A French-Canadian majority could not be allowed to impede the development of the Canadas.

The solution was to join the two provinces, undoing the separation established in 1791. A single legislature would include an equal number of representatives from Canada East and Canada West. This ensured an overall majority for English Canada, infuriating the French Canadians, since the population was greater in Canada East (the former Lower Canada). But there was no other realistic possibility. And it forced both parties to find ways to work together.

Almost three decades later, Durham's vision found expression in Confederation, in which the rights of French Canadians were entrenched in a constitution. Given other circumstances, things might have turned out quite differently.



Lord Durham

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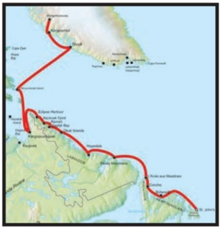
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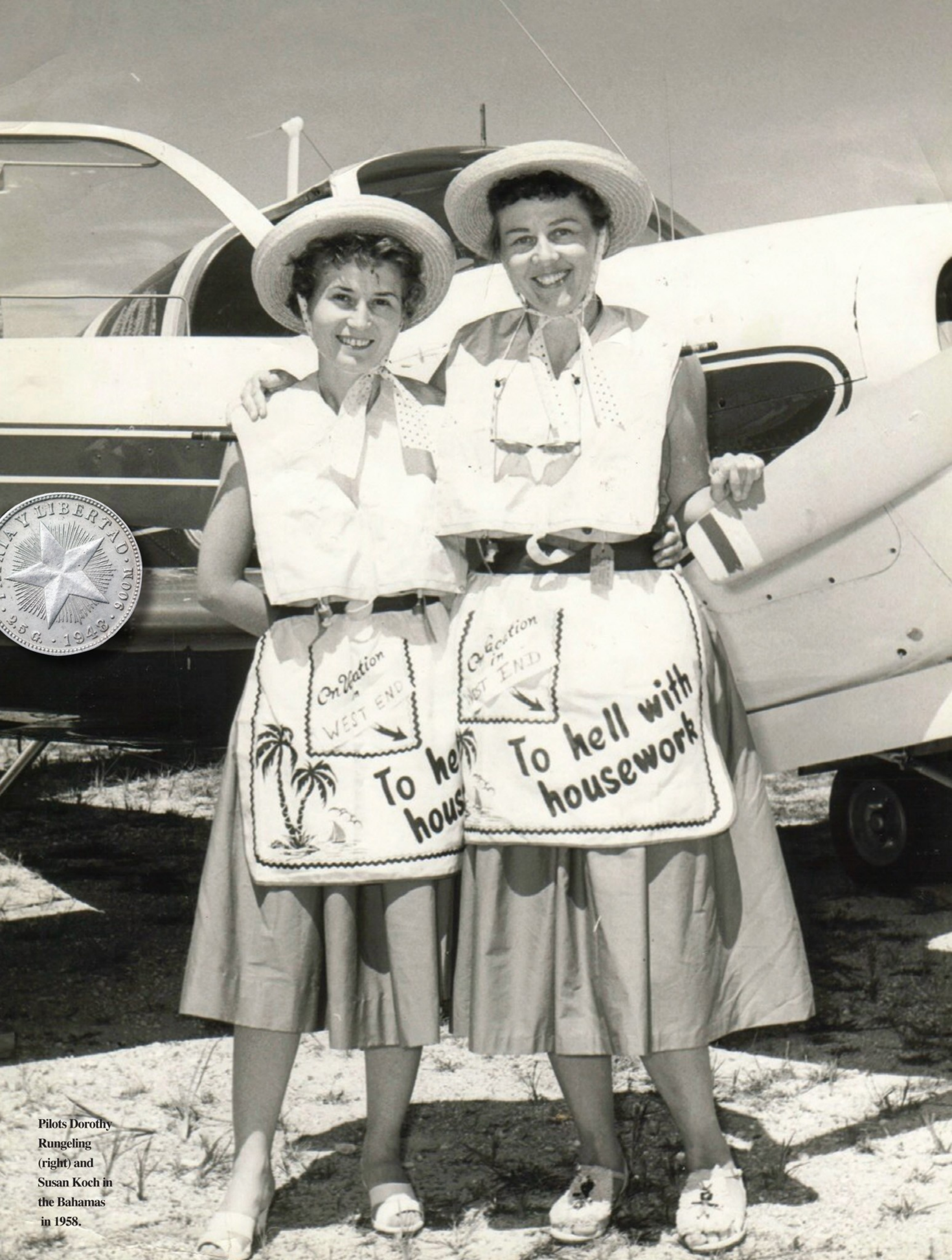
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Pilots Dorothy Rungeling (right) and Susan Koch in the Bahamas in 1958.

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The Flying Housewife

Dorothy Rungeling took secret flying lessons to launch a career as Canada's foremost female pilot of her day. *by Kelly Putter*

It was May of 1956 and looking pretty was the farthest thing from Dorothy Rungeling's mind as she packed for an international air race to Cuba. Pre-revolutionary Cuba was at that time in the news as an unstable country ruled by an iron-fisted dictator — President Fulgencio Batista — a man with an apparent soft spot for women who flew planes. Rungeling was looking forward to the adventure, but people in her hometown of Fenwick in southern Ontario were not sure what to make of it.

"People just could not fathom the idea of women getting in a little puddle-jumper plane and flying all the way to Cuba, including a hundred-mile jaunt over the ocean," said Rungeling.

In keeping with the attitudes of the time, popular women-only competitions like this one went by names such as "Angel" or "Powder Puff" derbies and featured flyers who were expected to look ladylike at all times. High heels, nylons, and dresses were the cockpit fashion dictates of the day. Some female flyers even sported fur coats and tiaras as they throttled the engines of their small planes skyward.

Rungeling packed some of these things in her suitcase as she prepared for the race. But she also packed a U.S.-navy supplied life jacket, plus a small leather kangaroo as a good luck token. She would need both. Although the race from Hamilton, Ontario, to Havana, Cuba, was only 2,400 kilometres long — and she had flown double that distance on other occasions — the possibility of dangerous weather over the treacherous Straits of Florida was very real.

"I had a terrible time in that race," Rungeling recalled during a recent interview from her home — a condo in Fonthill, Ontario, where she turned ninety-nine on May 12, 2010.

Cuban President Fulgencio Batista.

DOROTHY RUNGELING

Even though women like Amelia Earhart had been piloting aircraft since the dawn of flight, being a female flyer in Canada remained unusual in the 1950s. Women in the United States, Britain, and the Soviet Union had served as pilots during World War II, but this was not the case

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in Canada. Canadian society was unaccustomed to women being in any kind of male-dominated occupation. Women's attempts to master men's work were often perceived as quaint and kooky, the way Lucille Ball's character came across in *I Love Lucy*.

An example of that was the way the *Toronto Star* dubbed Rungeling "Canada's Flying Housewife." She earned that sassy nickname after winning the Governor General's Cup in 1953 — she was the only female competitor in the Toronto race. Rungeling won the Cup again in 1956.

The Hamilton-born woman came to aviation as a relative latecomer. She was thirty-seven in 1948 when she and her husband Charlie visited the airport in Welland, Ontario. Charlie and their five-year-old son Barry were coaxed onto a Cessna 120 for a spin. She stayed behind, watching from the ground with trepidation as the tiny single-engine plane circled overhead.

"Then they said, 'It's your turn now,' and pushed me on because I was scared," she said, recalling her reluctance to enter the cramped two-seater. But her fears soon melted away as the little plane lifted off the ground. She was mesmerized by her bird's eye view of the world below. "I just fell in love after my first flight. I lost my sense of taste for two weeks because I was so full of flying."

She was so hooked that she started taking flying lessons in secret. When her secret finally came out, her sympathetic husband bought her the first of several planes, a 1949 Luscombe that cost $2,500.

It wasn't long before Rungeling began entering all-women international air races. They were organized by a group of American ex-WASPS (Women Airforce Service Pilots), who had ferried planes from factories to military bases during the Second World War. The international races criss-crossed borders, landing in Mexico, the Bahamas, El Salvador, Nicaragua, and Cuba. Havana was picked as the destination in 1956 because Cuban officials had "consented to host us royally," said Rungeling.

It was an exciting time to be visiting Cuba. The country simmered with unrest but was still three years away from the revolution that would put Fidel Castro in power. U.S.-backed President Batista ruled over a corrupt and oppressive regime. But he welcomed the novelty of having a group of foreign women pilots landing in his country.

"We were all very excited about meeting Batista," recalls Rungeling, "because he was so prominent in current history."

The night before the May 16 air race, Rungeling charted her course on an aviation map. She flew a Cessna 170, a four-seater that travelled at speeds up to 195 kph. On board to keep her

The pilots relax in Marathon, Florida, their overnight stop during the 1956 race.

company was her friend Beverly Belfry of St. Catharines, Ontario. Belfry escorted Rungeling on pit stops for fuel, "grab-as-you-go" food, and much-needed bathroom breaks at pre-approved airports outfitted with timers that would clock the women's stops for race officials. It was a two-day race, and competitors were required to land their planes before sundown and not permitted to take off before sunrise. The U.S. navy briefed all the women on what to do if they had to evacuate the aircraft over water.

Despite all the precautions, the race was marred by personal tragedy. One entrant dropped out in Buffalo after learning that her fiancé had been killed in an accident. Another withdrew after receiving word that her brother had died in a helicopter crash. And by the time the race was over, a third tragedy cast a pall over all of the race contestants. But Rungeling would not learn of it until the end of the competition.

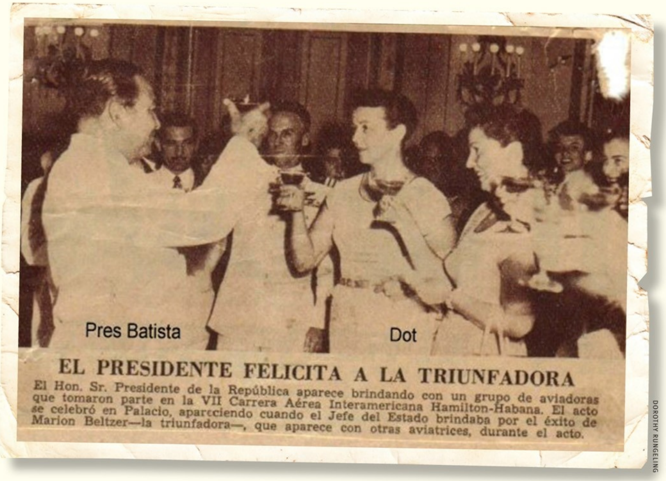
During the race, her mind was on the threatening skies in front of her. After a day of poor weather on day one, she was relieved to touch down in Marathon in the Florida Keys, where the locals presented her with a trophy for being the first Canadian ever to land a plane in their community.

At the break of dawn the next day, Rungeling and Belfry flew off towards a gathering storm for the final ocean hop from Florida to Cuba. At 160 kilometres, it's not a long trip, but it can be dangerous. Thunderheads loomed in their flight path.

The ocean crossing was a frightening experience: "When we were about halfway across the water, Bev looked at me and then stretched a hand out and said: 'Feel my hand.' I felt it and it felt like a dead fish. It was wet and ice-cold. The poor girl was really nervous when she thought about all the sharks below us just waiting for a meal. Flying across one hundred miles of ocean in those days when we had only single-engine planes was a bit of a worry because the engine could quit. I think everyone was nervous to some point."

Somehow, Rungeling managed to manoeuvre her small plane into a narrow gap between storm systems, winning just enough clearance to squeeze through. She pulled ahead of many of her competitors, who lost time because they were forced to detour.

"Sometimes you might find a thunderstorm and you can't follow your straight line anymore, you've got to go around it," she explained.


Pres Batista
Dot

EL PRESIDENTE FELICITA A LA TRIUNFADORA

El Hon. Sr. Presidente de la República aparece brindando con un grupo de aviadoras que tomaron parte en la VII Carrera Aérea Interamericana Hamilton-Habana. El acto se celebró en Palacio, aparcciendo cuando el Jefe del Estado brindaba por el éxito de Marion Beltzer—la triunfadora—, que aparece con otras aviatrices, durante el acto.

DOROTHY RUNGELING

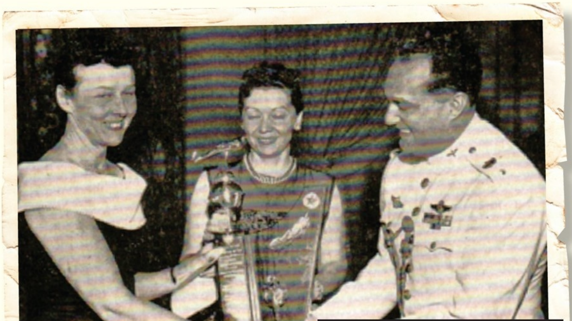
President Batista raises a toast to Rungeling and the other race competitors in this Cuban newspaper photo.

DOROTHY RUNGELING

BACARDI
BAR
CELESTE
INFANTA Y HUMBOLDT
HABANA
UNICO EN CUBA
UNICO EN EL MUNDO

The tension did not ease up as they reached Cuba. Bad weather or not, Rungeling was careful to stick to the flight path on the approach to Veradero Beach Airport. Warnings she had received earlier still rang in her ears: "We were told when we arrived in Cuba in our planes not to fly over Havana or we'd be shot down. That's a nice welcome, isn't it?

"Cuba was in political turmoil," she explained. "Batista was close to being overthrown and they were extra careful about who flew where over their country. Their army might not have been properly notified and think we were invaders, silly as that seems."



DOROTHY RUNGELING

Above: Colonel Carlos Tabernilla, a commanding officer of the Cuban air force, presents Rungeling (left) and Beverly Belfry with a fourth-place trophy.

After twelve hours and thirty-two minutes in the air, Rungeling landed to a fourth-place finish and a $300 prize. But this respectable showing was marred by the grim news she and Belfry received when they exited their plane — fellow racer Marilyn Miller of Ohio had crashed while attempting to land at an oceanside military airport west of Havana.

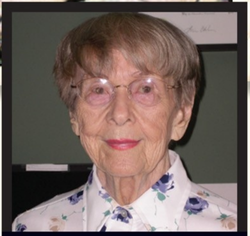
"It was a sad experience, and the race committee was faced with the decision to go on with the race banquet or cancel everything," says Rungeling. "So many functions had been planned for us by the Cubans, it was finally decided to go ahead with it, but our hearts were not in it."

At the awards banquet, Rungeling was presented with her fourth-place trophy by Colonel Carlos Tabernilla, a commanding officer of the Cuban air force. The following year, Tabernilla would play a key role in resisting the overthrow of the Batista dictatorship by Fidel Castro. He ordered the bombing and strafing of the city of Cienfeugos in 1957 to crush an uprising there. He was also accused of hiring a former U.S. navy pilot to kill Castro. But during the visit by the female pilots, Tabernilla was all charm. Dressed in a crisp white uniform covered in shiny medals, he smiled broadly as he shook hands with the women.

The much-anticipated visit with Batista went ahead the day after the banquet. Dressed in their best, the women were ushered into the presidential palace by two rows of guards armed with sawed-off shotguns. "The huge room we were entertained in had walls completely covered in mirrors," says Rungeling. "We all wondered where Batista was and were getting a bit impatient when suddenly one of the mirrors on the wall opened up and out of the wall he walked. Sort of like a Liberace show!"

Later at the palace ceremony, Batista toasted Rungeling and her fellow pilots, calling them *valientes y bellas golondrina* — brave and beautiful swallows.

When the Cuban leaders and officials weren't entertaining them, Rungeling and her flying companion took time out to see the other side of Cuba. The reality of the political situation set in when they hooked up with a local guide. He told them he would take them anywhere except the presidential palace, because he had once planted a bomb there. That palace was destined to see new life as the Museum of the Revolution, featuring artifacts such as Batista's gold-plated telephone.



Dorothy Rungeling at 99.

Three days after arriving in Cuba, Rungeling returned home to Fenwick, where she and Belfry were the talk of the town. For Rungeling, there would be more races and then she would begin instructing pilots. In 1958, she became the first Canadian woman to solo pilot a helicopter. She entered municipal politics for one term as town councillor, fought to save the Welland airport from closure, and wrote several books about her long, full life. In 2003, she became a Member of the Order of Canada.

Looking back, Rungeling is proud of her efforts to break barriers in aviation for women. "I did want to get my message out there that women could fly just as well as men, over just as tough country or water, and do just as well or better," she says. "All along, my theme had been to entice more women into aviation."

Although she used her nickname as a tongue-in-cheek title for her book *The Flying Housewife*, there was a subtle subtext to that choice. The book's cover features a black-and-white photo of Rungeling and co-pilot Susan Koch. They're wearing white sandals with matching skirts and straw hats. Overtop of their skirts, though, are subversive little aprons that say, "To hell with housework."

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Photo: Mike Macri

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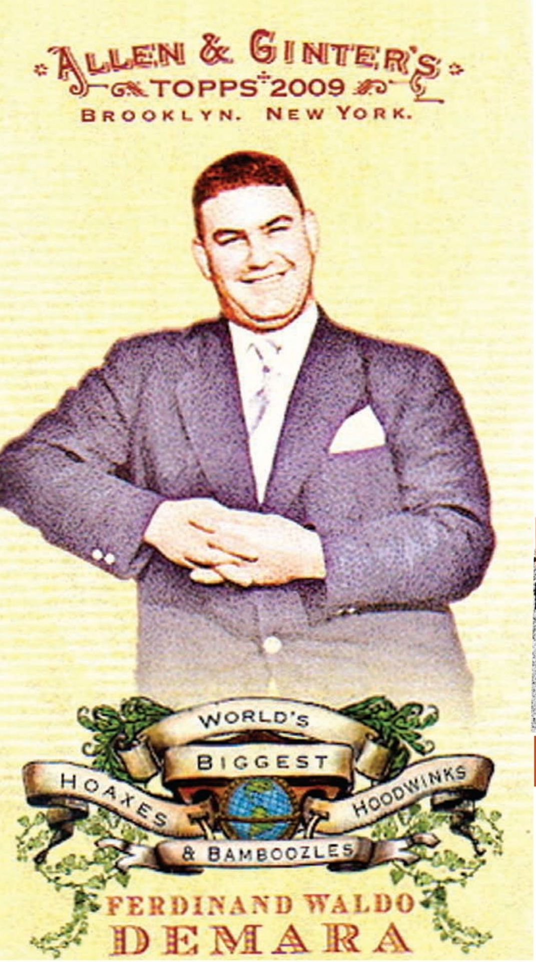
MASKED

Modelling himself after the 'Great Imposter,' a dropout faked his way to the top of a university's psychology department. *by Susan Goldenberg*

On Monday morning of January 31, 1966, "David George Macdonald, B.A., M.A., Ph.D" was a respected academic and community leader. He was the chairman of Lakehead University's psychology and sociology department, a member of the local board of education, and a close friend of the local magistrate.

But by that afternoon, Macdonald was someone very different from what his resumé said he was. All of a sudden he was a fugitive, on the run from various authorities, including the FBI.

Macdonald, as it turned out, was an imposter.



EBAY

For three years, he'd made people in the northwestern Ontario city of Port Arthur believe he was a trained psychologist and a qualified professor. In reality he was an expert in forging documents and fooling people.

Throughout recorded history, people have pretended to be someone they weren't — paupers pretending to be princes, women pretending to be men, amateurs pretending to be experts, nobodies pretending to be celebrities.

One of the most famous imposters of the twentieth century was Ferdinand Demara, known as the Great Imposter. Demara was an American of French-Canadian descent who famously posed as a skilled surgeon with the Canadian Navy during the Korean War.

When authorities discovered Macdonald's scam, they at first thought he was actually Demara. Like Demara, Macdonald was tall, stocky, dark-haired, and had a jolly personality. Both were brilliant, with phenomenal memories. And like Demara, Macdonald didn't simply assume a name and title — he did the job and did it well.

But he wasn't Demara. Demara was at that time living under his own name as a monk in a Missouri interfaith religious community.

'PROFES

Who then was "Dr. Macdonald?"

On February 3, 1966, police identified the "professor" as twenty-nine-year-old Ronald Ivan Macdonald of Hamilton, Ontario. And, as it turned out, Macdonald did have a connection with Demara — he had been obsessed with Demara ever since the latter's exploits had been chronicled in the book *The Great Imposter* by Robert Crichton in 1959. Macdonald had a suitcase full of newspaper clippings about Demara and wanted to be just like him. His Lakehead professor guise was the latest in a string of fakery he perpetrated. Some of his students had wondered about his competence, but no one suspected he was a complete fraud.

"Once, he wrote some of his credentials on the chalkboard, but the years didn't add up properly and I felt he was exaggerating to convince people of his qualifications," recalls Mervyn Saxberg, who in the summer of 1963 took an introductory psychology course from Macdonald. "During one lecture he stopped suddenly, irritated by two girls gabbing, said he had worked in the penitentiary system as a lip reader to get information from prisoners, staring at the girls while divulging this talent. They actually seemed to believe him and were quiet thereafter."

FERDINAND DEMARA, KNOWN AS THE GREAT IMPOSTER, WAS AN AMERICAN OF FRENCH-CANADIAN DESCENT WHO FAMOUSLY POSED AS A SURGEON WITH THE CANADIAN NAVY DURING THE KOREAN WAR.

Saxberg adds: “He had problems using overhead projection equipment and a slight speech impediment, and his appearance gave him less credibility as well. But since many professors with real credentials were just as inept because none were required to take teaching training, it wasn’t too difficult a task to pull off his scam.”

Macdonald’s career in fakery started when he was expelled in 1958 at age twenty-one from Wayne State University in Detroit. Macdonald, who had been studying woodworking, welding, and photography, claimed he was ousted for prankish behaviour — taking down the campus Stars and Stripes flag. In reality, it was for stealing blank transcript forms and forging the university seal.

He returned home to Ontario, where he decided to finish his education by sitting in on courses at the University of Toronto without enrolling. He went undetected because of the large student population. Forging a U of T seal, he gave himself an M.A.

His first act as an imposter, under the name “Everett Marshall,” was in 1960 as a lecturer in the Mental Hygiene Institute at Montreal’s McGill University. The university did not request verification of his documentation. “It was incredibly easy,” he recollected in a 1969 interview with the *Toronto Telegram*.

The next year he became psychologist “Dr. William Anderson,” brazenly stealing the name from the man for whom he had been an assistant at McGill. He moved to Antigonish, Nova Scotia. There, he worked at three places: at a mental health clinic; at St. Martha’s Hospital as a psychotherapist; and at St. Francis Xavier University as a professor of introductory psychology.

In posing as a psychology professor, Macdonald was following in the footsteps of his hero Demara, who also started off his imposter life pretending to be a psychologist. But while the versatile Demara moved on — he masqueraded as a biologist, monk, surgeon, deputy sheriff, and assistant prison warden — Macdonald stuck to psychology, where it was easy to follow Demara’s technique of “just keeping ahead of the class.”

Macdonald was not as lucky in Antigonish as at McGill. After just three months, he was fired by the clinic for making an incorrect diagnosis. The hospital and the university followed up by firing him, too. He returned to the University of Toronto as a drop-in student for a couple of years. Then, in July 1963, he spotted an opportunity — a bulletin board notice for a psychology professor at Lakehead College of Arts, Science and Technology (Lakehead became a university in 1965).

This time he decided to use his own last name, in which he took some pride. He searched directories of psychologists for someone with the same name and suitable credentials. He settled on David George McDonald, associate psychology professor at the University of Missouri. He altered the surname to match his own spelling and sent in his resumé. He got the job. According to the Port Arthur *News-Chronicle*, the university’s president later explained that the university was still in its “embryo stage and not overly cautious” about whom it employed. He gave assurances that “things are different now.”

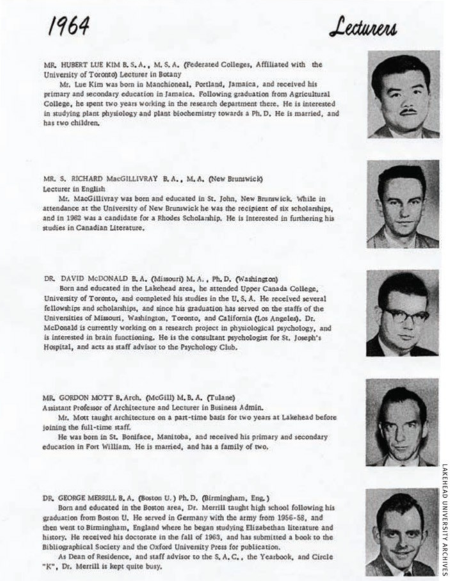
Macdonald started teaching at the northwestern Ontario campus in the summer of 1963. For three years, no one noticed anything amiss, although students found him rather dry as a prof.

“He referred to his notes quite a bit and didn’t discuss things off the cuff,” recalls Owen Marks, who took Macdonald’s first-year introductory psychology course in 1965–1966. “He was uninspiring and mechanical but competent and prepared.” Some faculty staff later commented that Macdonald’s grammar was poor — that he said things such as “I would have went” — but Marks says he never noticed this.

Ron Schilke, who studied second-year child psychology under Macdonald, remembers “being surprised when he called me into his office and asked what I had taken in first-year general psychology at the University of British Columbia. It struck me as odd because he usually was standoffish, but I wasn’t suspicious. He taught right by the book, was dogmatic, and rather boring. His only exams were multiple choice, which he probably got from somewhere.”

To be successful, an imposter “only has to fool one respectable person who then introduces him to others,” author Sarah Burton notes in *Imposters: Six Kinds of Liars,* published in 2000. According to the *Toronto Telegram*, Macdonald cleverly latched on to Hugh Cunningham, a Port Arthur magistrate who was twenty-five years his senior, and Cunningham’s wife Ruth. They regularly invited him to Sunday dinner, included him at their children’s birthday parties, and listened to records together over glasses of sherry. Macdonald told them he was from Nipigon, about a hundred kilometres northeast of Port

SOR’ VANISHES



1964 Lecturers

MR. HUBERT LUE KIM B. S. A., M. S. A. (Federated Colleges, Affiliated with the University of Toronto) Lecturer in Botany

Mr. Lue Kim was born in Manchioneal, Portland, Jamaica, and received his primary and secondary education in Jamaica. Following graduation from Agricultural College, he spent two years working in the research department there. He is interested in studying plant physiology and plant biochemistry towards a Ph. D. He is married, and has two children.

MR. S. RICHARD MacGILLIVRAY B. A., M. A. (New Brunswick)
Lecturer in English

Mr. MacGillivray was born and educated in St. John, New Brunswick. While in attendance at the University of New Brunswick he was the recipient of six scholarships, and in 1962 was a candidate for a Rhodes Scholarship. He is interested in furthering his studies in Canadian Literature.

DR. DAVID McDONALD B. A. (Missouri) M. A., Ph. D. (Washington)

Born and educated in the Lakehead area, he attended Upper Canada College, University of Toronto, and completed his studies in the U. S. A. He received several fellowships and scholarships, and since his graduation has served on the staffs of the Universities of Missouri, Washington, Toronto, and California (Los Angeles). Dr. McDonald is currently working on a research project in physiological psychology, and is interested in brain functioning. He is the consultant psychologist for St. Joseph's Hospital, and acts as staff advisor to the Psychology Club.

MR. GORDON MOTT B. Arch. (McGill) M. B. A. (Tulane)
Assistant Professor of Architecture and Lecturer in Business Admin.

Mr. Mott taught architecture on a part-time basis for two years at Lakehead before joining the full-time staff.

He was born in St. Boniface, Manitoba, and received his primary and secondary education in Fort William. He is married, and has a family of two.

DR. GEORGE MERRILL B. A. (Boston U.) Ph. D. (Birmingham, Eng.)

Born and educated in the Boston area, Dr. Merrill taught high school following his graduation from Boston U. He served in Germany with the army from 1956-58, and then went to Birmingham, England where he began studying Elizabethan literature and history. He received his doctorate in the fall of 1963, and has submitted a book to the Bibliographical Society and the Oxford University Press for publication.

As Dean of Residence, and staff advisor to the S. A. C., the Yearbook, and Circle "K", Dr. Merrill is kept quite busy.

LAKEHEAD UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES

Above: A page from the 1964 Lakehead University yearbook, with a very impressive looking entry for David McDonald. His name also turns up in the records of the time as MacDonald and Macdonald.

Arthur (Port Arthur and neighbouring Fort William merged in 1970 as Thunder Bay) and said his father was a prospector while he himself was responsible for the upkeep of several younger siblings. In reality, his father was a retired Hamilton steelworker and his siblings were self-sufficient adults.

And so Macdonald spun a complex web of lies to hide his true identity.

During the 1950s, prompted in part by the exploits of the Great Imposter Demara, psychologists took an interest in studying what made imposters tick. In 1955, U.S.-based psychoanalyst Helene Deutsch wrote an article for *Psychological Quarterly* entitled "The Imposter — Contribution to Ego Psychology of a Type of Psychopath." She wrote: "The imposter has no patience working his way up the conventional ladder of effort. He feels entitled to go straight in at the top and claim the status and success he feels he deserves."

Macdonald seemed to fit this profile. With a salary of just $9,000 a year, his goal appeared to be status, not money.

"Being a professor enabled him to be involved in the community, which thought the world of him," says Schilke, who obtained both psychology and social work degrees from Lakehead. "He was more involved with the community and less with students than professors normally were."

Macdonald was vice-president of the chamber of commerce, president of the Thunder Bay and District Retarded Children's Association, came in fourth out of twelve candidates for the eight-member board of education, and worked in St. Joseph's Hospital Rehabilitation Centre, whose cafeteria he enjoyed. At university, Macdonald, who was six feet tall and weighed between 225 and 250 pounds, earned the nickname "Plump Dave" among students.

All went well for him until late 1965. It was then that complaints about his competence started coming in from some of his private-practice patients. The complaints led the executive secretary of the Ontario Psychological Association, Dr. James Tuck, to suspect fraud. He contacted the real Professor David McDonald in mid-January 1966.

The Missouri professor was dumbfounded. "Who would think something like that would happen? It gives you kind of a curious feeling," the *Toronto Telegram* quoted McDonald as saying. McDonald's friends wisecracked, "One of you guys is really clever."

SEARCH WIDENS

The real Dr. McDonald wrote to Lakehead president William Tamblyn. Tamblyn responded immediately, summoning Macdonald to his office on January 31 and suspending him pending an investigation of his credentials. From his study of Demara, Macdonald knew that when trouble threatened, it was time to run. By 5 p.m., around the time the Crown attorney issued a warrant for his arrest, Macdonald was fleeing by car.

Three days after he left, the Port Arthur *News-Chronicle* wrote a sympathetic editorial "Phoney Professor or Not, He Served Lakehead Well." The revelation that he was an imposter was a big sensation on campus. "Students reacted with a mixture of bewilderment and amusement. There was no sense of outrage," Marks recalls. "We were young and it was a lark in a way, although looking back it was not a good thing." Marks had no problem remembering his new lecturer's surname: it was also Macdonald! Jokingly, students posted an ad: "Professor Wanted. No Experience Necessary."

Assured by Tamblyn that they would get credit for Macdonald's courses, students went on with their lives. Tamblyn, however, realized that Lakehead's future could be jeopardized. Started as a technical institute in 1946, Lakehead had been converted into a university in 1965 with about nine hundred students. "It was largely attended by baby boomers from northwestern Ontario who were the first in their families to enter university," says Dennis Wallace, who served as student union president during the 1969–70 school year, and on university's the board of governors from 2004 to 2007. "I don't think many of us would have attended a post-secondary institution had Lakehead not existed."

By acting swiftly, Tamblyn ensured that Macdonald's hoax was a short-lived sensation that did not affect the university's reputation. During Tamblyn's tenure (1965–1972) enrolment rose to three thousand.

On the day his ruse was discovered, Macdonald headed for Toronto. Once there, he checked in to a hotel under his own name for a day, then moved into a rooming house. On Saturday, February 12, he read a front-page story in the *Toronto Telegram* in which his girlfriend, parents, and the Cunninghams urged him to turn himself in. Apparently moved by their pleas, Macdonald returned to Port Arthur on Valentine's Day, two weeks after he vanished. He was released on $500 bail.

FOR MACDONALD

While he awaited trial, people invited him to meals, picnics, and boat rides. He was even given a set of initialled cufflinks. However, his board of education seat was declared vacant when he failed to appear at its April 25 meeting.

Macdonald selected trial by judge rather than jury and pleaded guilty to impersonation on June 13 before Judge James Ross of the Thunder Bay District Court. (Cunningham recused himself because of his friendship with Macdonald.) Ross declared, "I am satisfied your motive was not personal gain but a sincere desire to actually help people. This crime is too serious for a suspended sentence and I do not feel prison would be of any benefit. You have already suffered substantial humiliation." He sentenced Macdonald to a $500 fine and one day in jail, which he ended up not serving because of a legal formality.

He was very lucky; he could have received up to fourteen years. He benefited from the community's hitherto high regard for him. "The fact seems indisputable that Mr. Macdonald was a good teacher and — barring any misrepresentation — an excellent citizen," the Port Arthur *News-Chronicle* wrote in its sympathetic editorial.

Eager to help out her friend, Ruth Cunningham offered to organize community funding for him to earn a university degree. But he lacked the willpower to pursue it. Instead, the very next year, he was sentenced to one month in jail for using forged documents to get a psychologist's job in Kimberley, British Columbia. The following year, 1968, using fake credentials with the Wayne State University seal he had stolen, he won a position — over twenty-seven other candidates — as a $10,500-a-year job counsellor at London, Ontario's Adult Education Centre. But after three months, the centre became uneasy about his testing procedures and checked out his credentials. The centre then realized they were bogus — the notorious imposter had struck again.

This time Macdonald was not wined and dined while he awaited trial. Instead, he scrubbed toilets and washed dishes in the London Rescue Mission. He pleaded guilty in April 1969 in a trial by judge. But Judge Donald Menzies was not lenient like Judge Ross had been. "The time has come when the court should consider the protection of the public," he said. "It is a very serious matter to forge documents from a university. He knew it was wrong to be dishonest."

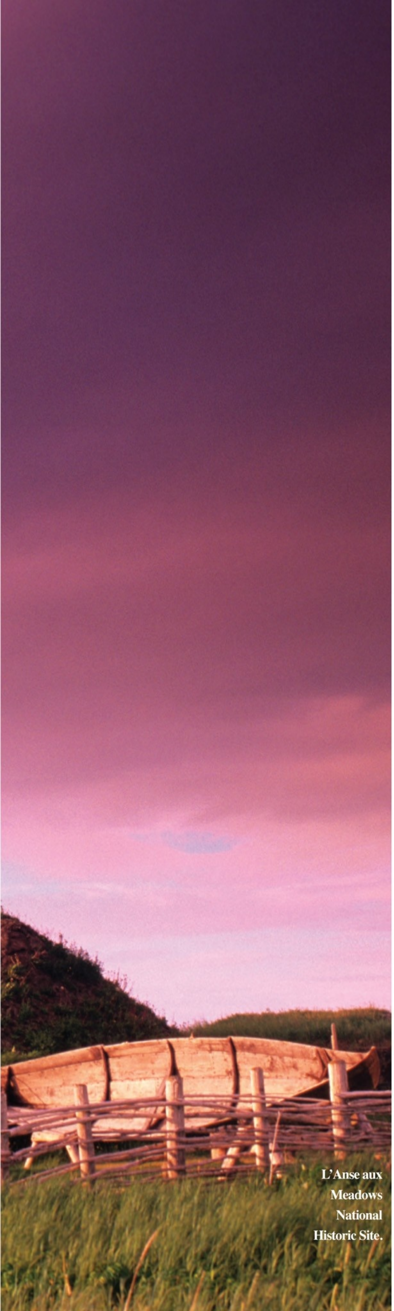
He sentenced Macdonald to two years in the Kingston Penitentiary, recommending that he receive psychiatric counselling. He was released early, in the summer of 1970. And there his public trail ended.

Macdonald may have disappeared from the headlines, but imposters have not. Occasionally, stories emerge concerning fake doctors, lawyers, and academics. For instance, in early 2010, a sixty-three-year-old man from Whitby, Ontario, was charged with fraud, perjury, and obstructing justice — he was alleged to have passed himself off as a clinical psychologist for a number of years.

Yet nothing in recent memory equals the feats of the Great Imposter, Ferdinand Demara. Not only did he pose as a Canadian naval surgeon aboard HMCS *Cayuga* in 1951, but he was able to perform major, life-saving surgery on badly wounded servicemen, thanks to his ability to speed-read medical texts and his photographic memory.

Now that's a con that would be hard to top.

PARKS CANADA


L'Anse aux Meadows National Historic Site.

PARKS CANADA

Parks Canada 100 Years

TOP 10 NATIONAL HISTORIC SITES

In honour of Parks Canada's centennial, here's our guide to the best go-to places for Canadian history.

by Nelle Oosterom

Imagine planning a summer-long road trip that would take in ten of Canada's National Historic Sites. Which ones would you choose?

That's the question we asked ourselves here at *Canada's History* magazine. And what a daunting question it was. There are so many amazing sites — well over 150 — to choose from. And these are just the sites administered by Parks Canada, which is celebrating its one-hundredth anniversary this year. There are almost 800 other National Historic Sites, owned by custodians, including individual Canadians, historical societies, businesses, or other levels of government.

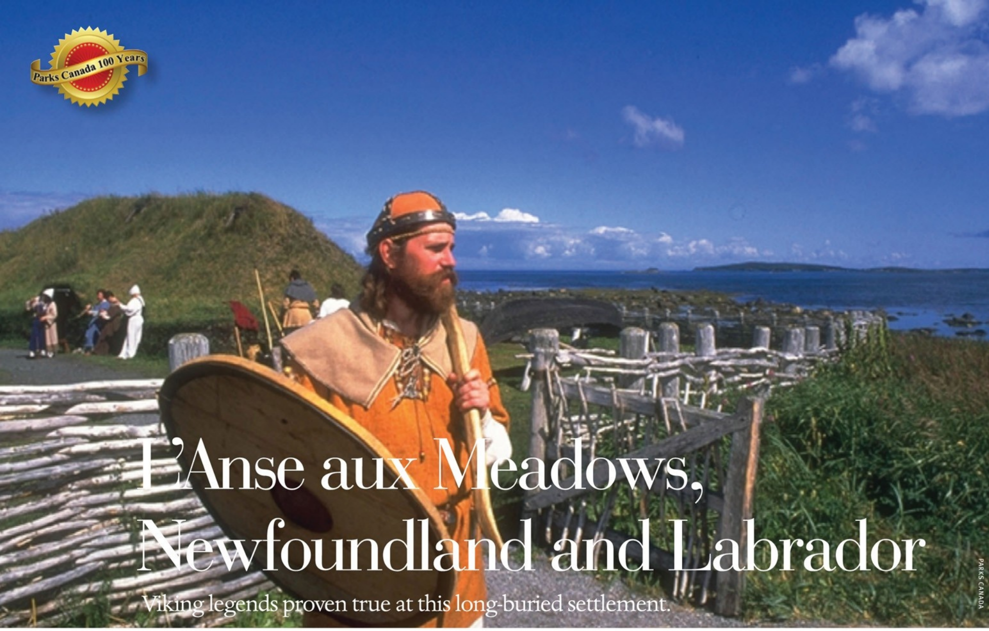
We chose our top ten based on their historical significance and the quality of visitors' experiences. We also wanted to cover a broad time period and represent as much of the country as possible.

If you were to go on this road trip, the stories of Canada would come alive in ways you never thought of: Imagine sitting by the fire in a Viking sod house in Newfoundland; covering your ears against the booming cannons of Louisbourg; watching actors play out the story of the Acadian expulsion; looking down from the ramparts of Old Quebec; paddling past quaint villages along the Rideau Canal; packing fur at HBC's Lower Fort Garry; walking past the rifle pits used by the Metis' during their last stand at Batoche; swinging a lasso at the Bar U Ranch; following Haida Watchmen to their sacred sites; and panning for gold in the Klondike.

Perhaps you already have fond memories of some of these places, or of others not mentioned here. We'd like to hear your stories. Send them to us and you could win a dream vacation. For details, see the ad on page 23.

In the meantime, turn the page and start planning your once-in-a-lifetime trip into Canada's past.

Parks Canada 100 Years


PARKS CANADA

L'Anse aux Meadows, Newfoundland and Labrador

Viking legends proven true at this long-buried settlement.

Above and right: Costumed interpreters act out daily life in the short-lived pre-Columbian Norse settlement.

This reconstructed Viking village is on the isolated northern tip of Newfoundland's Northern Peninsula. Tales of Vikings travelling to North America are contained in ancient Norse stories known as the Vinland Sagas. The sagas say that about a thousand years ago, Lief Eiriksson landed on the continent, which he called Vinland, Land of Wine, because wild grapes were found.

Other Vikings followed, according to the sagas, but proof of their presence did not materialize until 1960, when Norwegian explorer Helge Ingstad conducted an extenseive search along the coast. Local resident George Decker led him to an area of overgrown mounds and ridges. Ingstad and his wife, archaeologist Anne Stine Ingstad, spent the next eight years leading an international excavation of the site.

They uncovered the ruins of buildings, cooking pits, and an iron forge. They also found smaller artifacts such as a bronze cloak-fastening pin, bone needle, and spindle whorl. The latter two items for sewing and knitting suggested there were women in the settlement. It was likely a seasonal camp for obtaining timber and game to be transported back to Greenland.

The Vikings did not stay at L'Anse aux Meadows long. The sagas tell of clashes between the Norsemen and the indigenous people, who they called Skraelings. Vastly outnumbered, the Norse returned to Greenland after a few years.

The place is now a UNESCO World Heritage Site.

PARKS CANADA

TIME PERIOD: 1000 AD.

THINGS TO DO: Wander the reconstructed Viking encampment, where costumed actors play the parts of ship captain, captain's wife, servant, and crew members. Listen to sagas in the chief's sod house. View demonstrations on how iron was first forged in the New World and learn about the making of textiles, the cooking of food and other daily activities in the settlement. Drink in the harsh but beautiful landscape of this rugged land.

GETTING THERE: L'Anse aux Meadows is about a four- to five-hour drive north of Gros Morne National Park on Newfoundland's Northern Peninsula. An airport is located at Deer Lake, just south of Gros Morne.

Fortress of Louisbourg, Nova Scotia

The Gibraltar of North America a marvel of reconstruction.

PARKS CANADA

Its location on a fogbound, isolated corner of Cape Breton looks a little lonely today. But back in the early eighteenth century, Louisbourg was one of the busiest seaports in North America, thanks largely to the lucrative cod fishery of the Grand Banks. Because of its deep harbour and strategic position of guarding the entrance to the St. Lawrence, France spent twenty-six years and vast sums of money to build what became the strongest, most impressive fortress on the continent.

After the British took possession following a siege in 1758, they dismantled every stone and brick so that the French could never again use it as a fortified base.

The government of Canada began reconstructing one-quarter of the original walled town in 1961. It is the largest historical reconstruction in Canada, with fifty buildings over five hectares. It takes a full day to tour it.

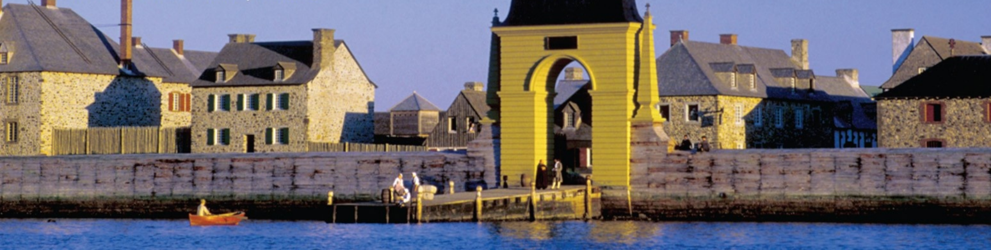
TIME PERIOD: 1720–1740

THINGS TO DO: Enjoy French comedie theatre in a period tavern, take culinary workshops that teach period cooking, or eat hearty at one of the site's three period restaurants. Take in a murder mystery tour, or a ghost tour, with costumed interpreters. View archaeological digs. At the nearby beaches, dip your toes into the Atlantic and imagine wading to shore in full military gear as a British soldier during the amphibious assault of 1758.

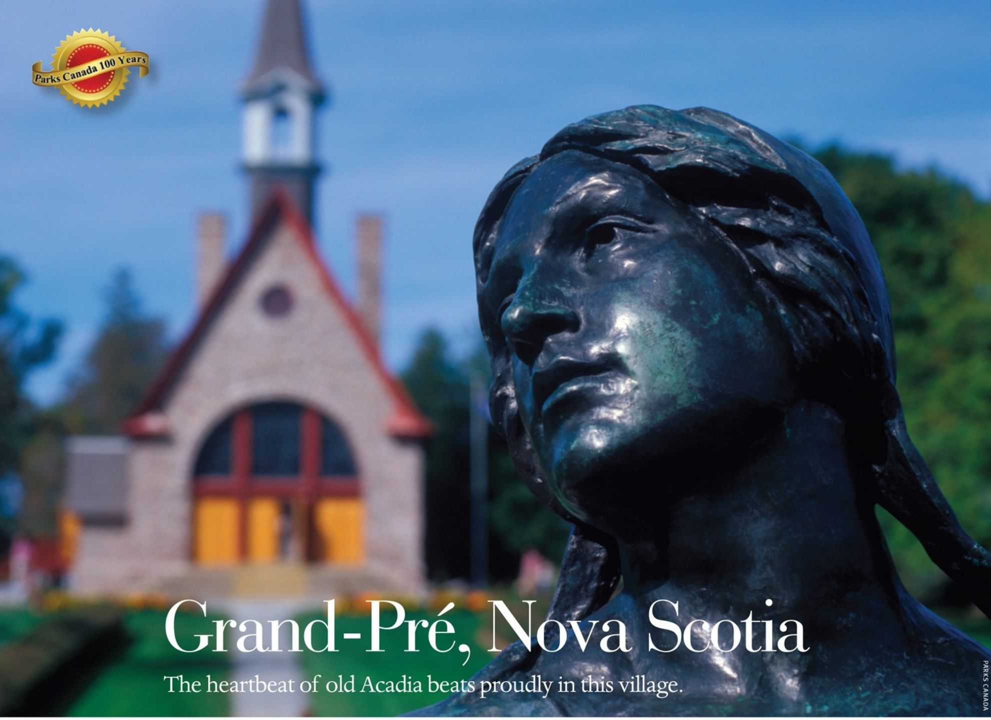
GETTING THERE: On Cape Breton Island, a long but scenic six-hour drive from Halifax. About a half-hour drive from the airport in Sydney.

PARKS CANADA

The restaurants on site offer authentic period dishes, such as fish soup and French pastry.



Parks Canada 100 Years



Grand-Pré, Nova Scotia

The heartbeat of old Acadia beats proudly in this village.

PARKS CANADA

Above: Statue of Evangeline.

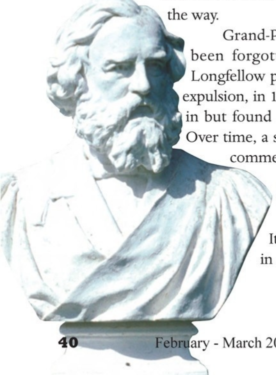
Below right: Inside Memorial Church.

Below: Bust of Longfellow.

Grand-Pré was the epicentre for one of the saddest events in Acadian history. On September 5, 1755, Acadian men and boys were summoned to the old church, where British Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow read out an order to have all the French-speaking settlers expelled from the region. Thus began the Great Upheaval, the forced removal of Acadians from the Maritime provinces to Britain, France, and various British colonies, with thousands dying along the way.

Grand-Pré itself disappeared and might have been forgotten, except that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow published *Evangeline*, a poem about the expulsion, in 1847. American tourists started pouring in but found only dike lands and old willow trees. Over time, a statue of Evangeline was erected and a commemorative church was built.

Today's Grand-Pré is both a memorial to the Acadians and a celebration of their way of life before the expulsions. It was designated a National Historic Site in 1961.



TIME PERIOD: 1682–1755.

THINGS TO DO: Visit the Memorial Church and take in the famous paintings of the deportation by Claude Picard. View ongoing work at the archaeological site. Enjoy outdoor interactive theatre portraying life in Grand-Pré before the expulsion. Stroll among the old French willow trees, the orchard, and the duck pond, and gaze over the rolling farmland. Time your visit to take in a host of events during Acadian Days in July.

GETTING THERE: Gran-Pré is the Annapolis Valley, about an hour's drive from Halifax. From Route 101, take Exit 10 towards Wolfville and follow Route 1 west for one kilometre then north for another kilometre on Grand-Pré Road.

PARKS CANADA

Fortifications of Quebec, Quebec

North America's only fortified city saved from ruin.

PARKS CANADA

The remains of Old Quebec are a palimpsest — layer upon layer of military history dating back four centuries to the time of Champlain. The UNESCO World Heritage Site tells the story of how Old Quebec was strategically situated on high cliffs for optimum defence. It thrived for a century and a half as a French colony before the British takeover in 1759. Under England, Old Quebec continued to function as a bastion, this time against the continuing threat of invasion from the United States.

The spectacular views of the St. Lawrence River and surrounding area make it a natural tourist attraction. Built overtop of Champlain's original Habitation, the imposing ramparts and wide ditches recall the era of walled cities of the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries. At the heart of the fortifications stands La Citadelle, built in 1820–31.

The fortifications were headed for ruin after the British military pulled out in 1871. But Lord Dufferin, the Governor General of Canada from 1872 to 1878, loved Old Quebec, and established La Citadelle as a second residence. He persuaded local politicians to save the old French walls from destruction.

One of Canada's most visited historic sites, Old Quebec gets about 500,000 visitors a year.

REGIMENT CANADIEN FRANÇAIS
22
JE ME SOUVIENS

TIME PERIOD: Early 1600s to late 1800s.

THINGS TO DO: Take a bilingual guided tour of the ramparts and the heights of Quebec. The walking tour includes a stop at an ongoing archaeological project. At La Citadelle, take in the museum of the Royal 22e Regiment — the famed Van Doos. Time your visit around a five-day annual festival celebrating life in New France. There are also theme days, school programs, and a variety of special events, including concerts and talks.

GETTING THERE: The Fortifications of Quebec are in the heart of Quebec City.

Above: Parks interpreter dressed as eighteenth century French soldier.

Centre: Insignia of the Royal 22e Regiment.

Below: Dufferin Terrace in Old Quebec.

PARKS CANADA

Parks Canada 100 Years

PARKS CANADA

Rideau Canal, Ottawa-Kingston, Ontario

A post-War of 1812 waterway built at a huge human cost.

PARKS CANADA

Above: A lock gets cranked by hand on the Rideau Canal.

Below: The canal passes the Parliament Buildings.

The beauty and recreational value of this 202-kilometre-long waterway belies its origins as an early nineteenth-century defence strategy. After the War of 1812, there was continuing tension between British North America and the United States. The vital shipping link between Montreal and the Great Lakes — much of which formed the border between the two countries — was vulnerable to being shut down in a future conflict.

For this reason, an alternative route was built from Ottawa to Kingston, linking lakes and rivers with a system of canals and forty-seven locks. It was a considerable engineering feat that took five years (1827–1832) to accomplish and required the labour of thousands of workers, many of them recent Irish immigrants. Malaria contracted from swamps along the way is estimated to have killed five hundred of them.

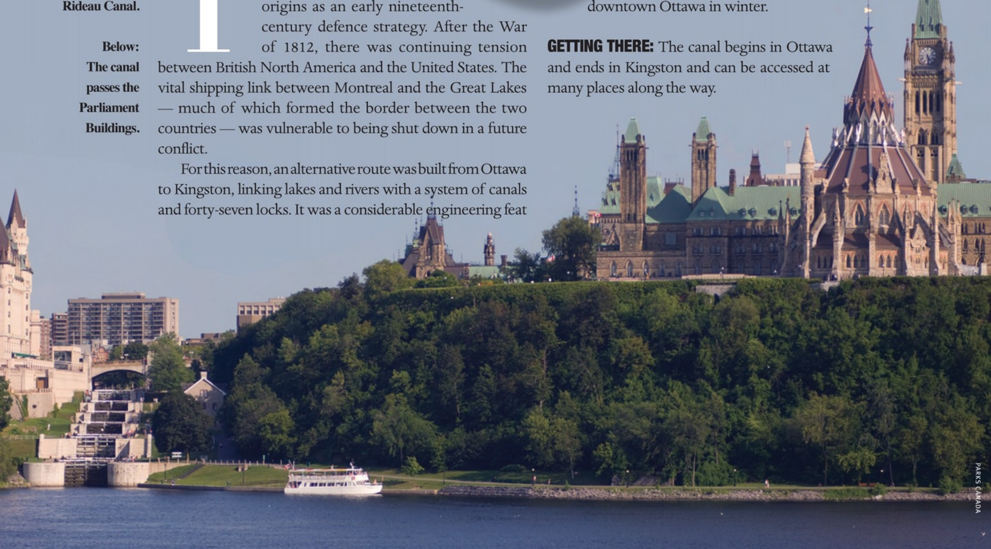
When it was finished, the 800,000-pound-sterling price tag — sixty per cent over budget — put the British Parliament into shock. It's heyday as a commercial waterway was short-lived, but it eventually became a recreational haven. It was named a UNESCO World Heritage Site in 2007.

RIDEAU
CANAL

TIME PERIOD: 1827 to the present.

THINGS TO DO: Travel the canal by boat to view the scenic countryside, historic towns, and quaint villages of Eastern Ontario. Take in the summer heritage theatre series by Parks Canada Players that brings history to life with performances in towns or cities along the canal. Skate on a section of the canal in downtown Ottawa in winter.

GETTING THERE: The canal begins in Ottawa and ends in Kingston and can be accessed at many places along the way.


PARKS CANADA

PARKS CANADA

Lower Fort Garry, Manitoba

Heyday of the fur trade comes to life at stone fort.

When a devastating flood in 1826 made a complete ruin of the Hudson's Bay Company's headquarters in what is now Winnipeg, the company decided to build on higher ground. This was the beginning of Lower Fort Garry, the oldest intact stone fur trading post in North America.

Constructed during the 1830s, the fort was built to last — with local limestone instead of wood — because it was meant to be the administrative centre for Rupert's Land, the company's vast trading empire. While it filled that role for only a few years, it continued to thrive in several incarnations. British troops were stationed here in the 1840s during the Oregon boundary dispute, when war with the U.S. seemed imminent. Opponents of Métis leader Louis Riel rallied there in 1871 and the North West Mounted Police trained its first recruits at Lower Fort Garry. It was also the site of the signing of the first numbered treaties and it later served as a penitentiary and insane asylum.

The fort still has its original walls, ramparts, ammunition batteries, and residences, which together make up the biggest collection of original nineteenth-century fur-trade buildings in Canada.

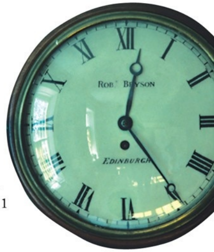
Above: The Big House, home for HBC officers.

Lower left: An interpreter shows Métis sash to a young visitor.

PARKS CANADA

TIME PERIOD: 1850s.

THINGS TO DO: Wander the grounds and listen to costumed interpreters re-enact the lives of company clerks, York boatmen, tradesmen, native trappers, and the upper crust of Red River society. Learn a historic skill, such as making a fire with flint and steel. Children can sign on for a day as an HBC worker. Special events in 2011 include Treaty 1 commemoration days in early August.



GETTING THERE: Lower Fort Garry is about a twenty-minute drive north of Winnipeg, on Highway 9.

PARKS CANADA

Batoche, Saskatchewan

Serene spot marks Métis' last stand against encroachment of their land.

Right: Métis graves at Batoche.

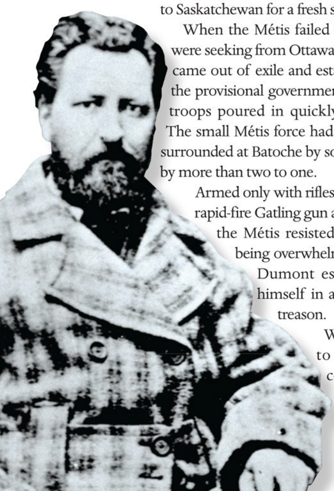
Below: Louis Riel in portrait taken in 1878.

This peaceful-looking village on the banks of the South Saskatchewan River was the final battlefield of the Northwest Rebellion of 1885. The seeds of the rebellion originated years earlier when the Métis — descendants of fur traders and indigenous people — found their existence threatened by settlers pouring in from Eastern Canada. After Louis Riel's failed Red River Rebellion in 1869, many Métis moved west to Saskatchewan for a fresh start.

When the Métis failed to receive the protection they were seeking from Ottawa, they again turned to Riel, who came out of exile and established Batoche as the seat of the provisional government of Saskatchewan. Dominion troops poured in quickly on the newly built railway. The small Métis force had a few victories but was finally surrounded at Batoche by soldiers who outnumbered them by more than two to one.

Armed only with rifles against a force equipped with a rapid-fire Gatling gun and four nine-pounder cannons, the Métis resisted fiercely for four days before being overwhelmed. Riel and co-leader Gabriel Dumont escaped, but Riel later turned himself in and was eventually hanged for treason.

What occurred here reverberates to this day. Riel remains a controversial figure and Métis rights continue to be an issue.



PARKS CANADA

TIME PERIOD: 1860–1900.

THINGS TO DO: Take in the award-winning audio-visual presentation at the visitor centre, then wander the site for a self-guided tour. View the restored buildings, such as the church, with its bullet holes above the doorway, tangible evidence of the battle. Walk a hiking trail that passes the cemetery and rifle pits used by the Métis defenders. Time your visit for special events, such as the annual Back to Batoche Days, a large Métis festival that takes place on the third weekend in July.

GETTING THERE: Batoche is about an hour's drive northeast of Saskatoon.

Bar U Ranch, Alberta

Rounding up cattle country history in Canada's 'Last Best West.'

PARKS CANADA

The coming of the railway, the disappearance of the bison, and the post-Confederation push to settle the West helped bring gigantic ranches like the Bar U into existence. Established in 1881, it became legendary in part for the colourful characters who passed through its corrals.

For instance, famed cowboy John Ware, a freed black slave from Southern Carolina, performed many marvels at the Bar U, including saving a herd of cattle from a deadly winter storm. And the visting Prince of Wales — who later, as Edward VIII, abdicated the throne — loved the Bar U so much that he bought the ranch next door. Harry Longabaugh, otherwise known as the Sundance Kid, worked here as a dollar-a-day horse breaker until drawn to more lucrative work as a train robber.

In its time, the Bar U included 650 square kilometres (65,000 hectares) of unfenced grassland and 30,000 head of cattle. The offspring of its one thousand Percheron workhorses pulled carts and trolleys in cities across North America.

The Bar U expanded to include meatpacking plants and flour mills. It was eventually split up and sold, with Parks Canada purchasing 148 hectares in 1991.

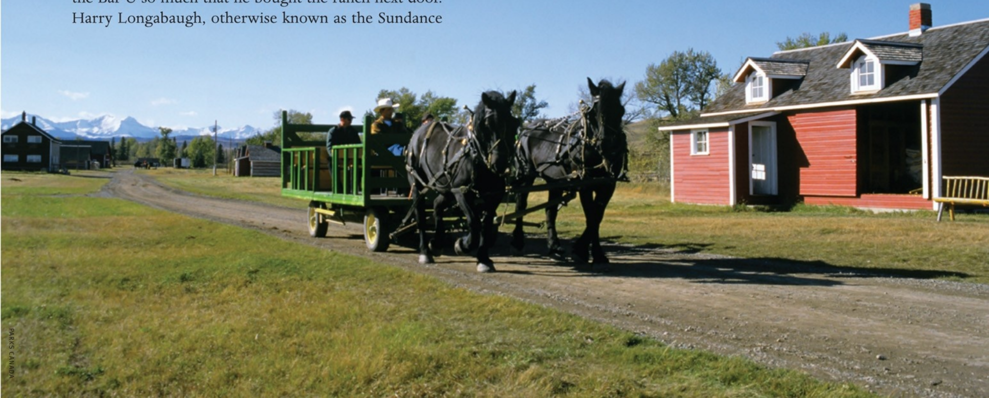
TIME PERIOD: 1881–1950.

THINGS TO DO: Take a guided tour on foot or by horse-drawn wagon. View the ranch's thirty heritage buildings. Watch demonstrations of roping and cattle handling or learn how to throw a lasso and rein in a team of Percherons. Hike the trails in the foothills and attend various special events throughout the summer.

GETTING THERE: Bar U Ranch is about ninety minutes drive south of Calgary, near Longview on Highway 22.

Above left: Interpreters tend the ranch garden.

Below: Visitors ride in wagon pulled by Percheron horses.



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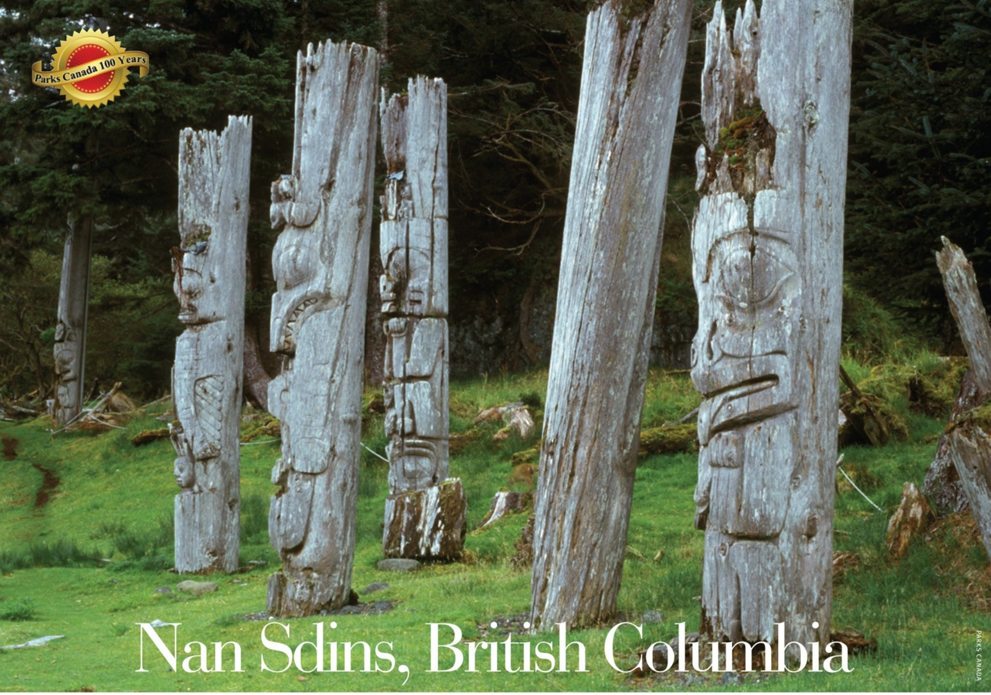

PARKS CANADA

Nan Sdins, British Columbia

Remnants of Haida village reveal a rich and flamboyant society.

Top: Haida mortuary poles bear symbols of clan history and contain bones of ancestors.

This hauntingly beautiful site on a remote B.C. island tells the story of a creative people who thrived on Haida Gwaii (Queen Charlotte Islands) for thousands of years. With food from both sea and forest abundant and easy to obtain, the Haida had time to develop a complex culture that included masterpieces of art.

When European ships started appearing off the West Coast in the 1700s, the people in the village of Nan Sdins on the island of SGang Gwaay were quick to engage in a brisk trade of otter skins and other furs. But the Europeans also brought deadly smallpox. The village was reduced from a population of about three hundred to a few dozen before being completely abandoned in 1888.

Antiquities traders stripped the empty village of much of its wealth — carved mortuary poles, as well as bentwood boxes, masks, sculptures, and other items disappeared. What remains — thirty two mortuary poles and ten homes — is considered to be the finest art of its kind in the world. For this reason it was declared a UNESCO World Heritage Site in 1981.

Today, Haida Gwaii Watchmen oversee the site, which is part of Gwaii Haanas National Park Reserve and Haida Heritage Site.

TIME PERIOD: Nineteenth century.

THINGS TO DO: Visit the village by small boat or sea kayak as part of a guided tour and hear stories from the Haida Gwaii Watchmen. Marvel at the mythic faces carved into the cedar towers. Tours are limited to twelve at a time. Take in other ancient Haida village sites at Gwaii Haanas as well.

GETTING THERE: The site is on remote SGang Gwaay (Anthony Island) and is accessible by small boat. Independent visitors must reserve and resgister at the Gwaii Haanas Queen Charlotte office or visitor reception centres in Sandspit and Queen Charlotte.

Dawson, Yukon

Land of gold still holds us in its spell.

PARKS CANADA

Poet Robert Service did not exaggerate the hardships endured by the men who moiled for gold in the Klondike. News of the Yukon gold strike came during a severe economic recession. Tens of thousands of people — most of them unemployed Americans — rushed north in 1898. They laboriously scrambled over the treacherous Chilkoot or White passes several times, ferrying half a tonne of supplies on their backs.

Within one season, the mud flats at the confluence of the Yukon and Klondike rivers were transformed into a tent city of up to 30,000 people, making it the largest community west of Winnipeg. Saloons and brothels sprang up instantly, threatening to turn Dawson City into a lawless frontier outpost. But the legendary Mountie Sam Steele — who allowed no handguns — successfully imposed order on the town.

PARKS CANADA

By 1899, Dawson was a city of substance, with electricity, telephones, movie theatres, and twenty blocks of commercial enterprises. The frenzy lasted just two seasons. Mining continued, but with fewer people as large companies brought in heavy equipment.

Today, much of Dawson is part of a historical complex included within Klondike National Historic Sites of Canada.

TIME PERIOD: Late 1890s.

THINGS TO DO: Spend a few days — there are many sites. Take a guided tour of the town core with a Parks Canada interpreter. Listen to twice-daily readings at the Robert Service cabin. Board the S.S. *Keno*, tour the largest wooden gold dredge in North America, and walk a self-guided mining claim trail. Other attractions outside of Parks Canada include Diamond Tooth Gertie's — a restored 1910 casino with cancan dancers — and the Dänojà Zho Cultural Centre.

GETTING THERE: From Whitehorse, Dawson is one hour by air, or five to six hours by road.

Top: Panning for gold.

Left: Costumed interpreters at the old post office in Dawson.

Bottom: Restored vintage buildings on Main Street in Dawson.

25 km/h
8:00am-4:30pm

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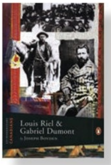


REBEL REBEL

Louis Riel & Gabriel Dumont
by Joseph Boyden
Penguin Canada, Toronto, 2010
220 pp., $26 hardcover

Joseph Boyden is an acclaimed novelist, and so it's not surprising that his account of the roles Louis Riel and Gabriel Dumont played in the Northwest Rebellion should be suspenseful and elegantly written. He uses the present tense, so that the page becomes a stage upon which the events of this unfortunate imbroglio are dramatically played out.

Boyden leaves no doubt where his sympathies lie: The Métis are victims of a bigoted and heartless government. In 1884, a "balanced, reasonable, and conservative" petition was sent to the Dominion government asking that ownership to the land the Métis had so laboriously farmed for years be legally recognized.

Boyden writes: "But in the months of autumn turning to winter while the Métis wait for an answer — or even a simple telegram confirming that their petition has been delivered — they come to realize that once again, Sir John A. Macdonald likes to ignore them. His pleasure in insulting the Métis and the rest of the settlers seems to have no boundaries."

Gabriel Dumont was the captain of the buffalo hunt on the Saskatchewan plains, and therefore the political and military leader of his people. Louis Riel was revered by the Métis as the brilliant political strategist who fought for their rights during the 1869–1870 Red River Resistance. In that process, Manitoba became a province.

The two men met for the first time in June 1884 when Dumont travelled to Montana, where Riel lived in exile with his wife and two children. The buffalo hunter convinced the educated strategist that the situation among the Métis people was desperate and that his leadership was crucial. The result of this meeting was the Northwest Rebellion, a truly shameful episode in Canadian history.

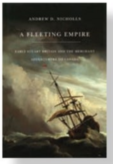
Boyden describes with verve the persona in this tragedy: the bigoted, uncaring politicians; the Judas priests who betrayed their flock; the vindictive magistrate who conducted a shamefully prejudicial trial designed to see Riel hanged. Regarding the actions of the cowardly and inept General Middleton, he writes: "While Middleton is willing to burn down homesteads, loot property for personal gain, and fire cannon and small arms onto homes where frightened women and children cower, he subscribes to the strange nineteenth-century notion that gentlemen soldiers do not fight after dark." Because they would, of course, be picked off by superior Métis sharpshooters.

Perhaps most intriguing of all was the relationship between the two Métis leaders — Riel, who had come to believe he was a prophet with godly authority to create an Aboriginal paradise on earth, but who abhorred violence, and Dumont, the skilled guerrilla fighter who at Riel's bidding abandoned his plans to blow Middleton's troops to smithereens.

Yet despite the engrossing drama, this is a most frustrating book. It's one of a series called Extraordinary Canadians. We are, according to the editor, supposed to "look at ourselves through our society's most remarkable figures." Given this criterion, surely Louis Riel, easily the most colourful character in Canadian history, warrants a volume unto himself. (All but one of the seventeen other books in this series are individual biographies.)

Why choose the Northwest Rebellion, a sad but insignificant event in the overall history of Canada, rather than the far more important Red River Resistance? And why write about Riel at a point when he's disgraced and a failure, emotionally unnerved by years in exile where he always feared assassination? Why not portray him as the handsome, well-read, charismatic, brilliant political strategist he was in 1869–1870 — a true Father of Confederation?

Reviewed by **Maggie Siggins**, the author of *Riel: A Life of Revolution*.



ROYALLY INTERRUPTED

A Fleeting Empire: Early Stuart Britain and the Merchant Adventurers to Canada
by Andrew D. Nicholls
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal, 2010
276 pp., illus., $39.95 hardcover

A Fleeting Empire takes a hard look at a subject that usually gets but fleeting attention — the short-lived British takeover of New France from 1629 to 1632. The capture of Quebec by the Kirke brothers, privateers acting for Britain, is generally treated as a colourful footnote in Canadian history. In that event, Samuel de Champlain, the Jesuit missionaries, and most of the French colonists were taken prisoner and shipped to France; three years later, Champlain and company were back in the New World, picking up their lives as if the 1629 fall of Quebec was just a rude interruption.

Few have looked closely at what was behind this episode. Andrew D. Nicholls, a Buffalo State College history professor, decided to follow his own curiosity to fill in the gaps. He looked at seemingly unrelated events and people, and found that they were in fact different players in the same story, which was one of courtly intrigue, ambition, and hoped-for riches.

The Kirke brothers' activities in

Quebec took place the same year two other events unfolded — Scottish noblemen planted settlements in both Port Royal, Nova Scotia, and Baleine, Cape Breton. All three ventures were backed by Charles I, the young and often reckless British king who was then engaged in hostilities with France as part of the Thirty Years War.

Nicholls traces the relationships between Charles, the Kirkes, Sir William Alexander of Menstrie (whose son led the Port Royal colony), and James Stewart of Killeith, fourth lord of Ochiltree (who led the very short-lived Cape Breton colony).

He has done a masterful job of connecting the dots, showing how X relates to Y. His premise is that the events of 1629 deserve a larger place in the Canadian historical narrative. However, explaining it all is a complex matter, which makes the book difficult to digest, especially for a general reader not already deeply familiar with this historical interlude.

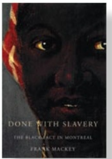
The story gets rather complicated — the French-born Kirke brothers' actions as English privateers harassing the French in the St. Lawrence conflicted with Alexander's Scottish claims to that region. To resolve that problem, Charles — who was king of both England and Scotland — backed a new Anglo-Scottish partnership known as the Merchant Adventurers to Canada, which included the Kirkes, Alexander, and Ochiltree.

The king gave the partners a monopoly on trading rights in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and St. Lawrence River, plus authority to expel the French. This partnership was a strategy by Charles to win gains over the French in the New World, since he did not have the military might or the money to defeat France on his side of the Atlantic.

But the dramatic victory of the Kirkes, and the very limited successes of Alexander and Ochiltree — half of the Port Royal colonists died of illness the first winter — were all for naught in the end. The Merchant Adventurers' ships had barely put to sea in 1629 when Charles made peace with France.

Charles' motivation for making peace had much to do with obtaining a significant wedding dowry owed to him by the French king. To get his hands on the 400,000 French crowns, Charles had to return all the newly won territory to the French. If not for the dowry of Queen Henrietta Maria, the history of Canada might look very different today.

Reviewed by **Nelle Oosterom**, the associate editor of *Canada's History*.



MULTIFACETED COMMUNITY

Done with Slavery: The Black Fact in Montreal
by Frank Mackey
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal, 2010
614 pp., illus., $49.95 hardcover

In *Done with Slavery: The Black Fact in Montreal*, journalist and historian Frank Mackey has written an important book on the city's early black community. He consults an impressive range of historical sources — from civil and criminal court documents, parish records, and census returns, to newspapers, government documents, employee records, and institutional accounts — and runs into an equally vigorous set of methodological problems. Altogether, Mackey has succeeded laudably in reconstituting this community.

Covering an eighty-year period from 1760 to 1840, *Done with Slavery* contains over one hundred pages of appendices and has an index that allows readers to follow the lives of individual black men and women. In Mackey's telling of the community's fascinating history, we learn about individuals and families, their aspirations, successes, failures, and everyday encounters with other Montrealers.

His book reveals much about the complex relations between different ethnic and racial communities in Montreal, in other urban centres, and in the countryside of Lower Canada. Mackey aptly demonstrates the convoluted legal demise of slavery in Lower Canada and shows that its practice had stopped decades before its legislative end in 1834.

Similarly, his approach to racism is nuanced. He shows how "the wall of prejudice" was exercised by diverse social classes and took different forms, and he reminds us that there was tolerance as well, including many interracial marriages, friendships, and even master-servant relations where black craftsmen engaged white apprentices. Mackey also argues that the small black community cannot be treated as monolithic — it was divided by social class and ethnic origin, as well as along other fault lines.

That said, this book is not without its weaknesses. The author's writing style is at times awkward, disorganized, and repetitive. He uses far too many examples to prove his arguments, thereby making it difficult for readers to keep track of the men and women he mentions.

His arguments are diminished because he does not explicitly engage the historiography of critical topics such as race and gender, usually assigning them to endnotes. Comparing evidence regarding Montreal to the findings of other scholars would have strengthened his interpretations.

Mackey is less timid about situating his study with respect to those he wants to refute. *Done with Slavery* is so ambitious that he has difficulty containing the narrative, whether geographically to Montreal, or to understanding subtleties such as how the black community experienced and encountered daily life with respect to work, politics, culture, religion, and criminal justice.

It's a Herculean task to read the

historiography of each of these subjects. But failing to do this undermines the great efforts Mackey has made to present the historical actors who come under his gaze as complex, rather than one-dimensional. Gender issues need to be more fully developed, especially with respect to women's critical role in the household economy. Doing so would give black women a more central place — at home and in the community.

Finally, Mackey treats Montreal as a unique case, separate from other places in British North America. Thus, we have no idea how the experiences of slavery and of freedom in Montreal were similar to and different from those elsewhere.

Done with Slavery makes a significant contribution to the history of blacks in Montreal and in Lower Canada, as well as regarding race relations. It is an important resource containing the individual and family histories of members of the black community as well as an extensive list of black slaves, in the book's lengthy appendices, that historians will be able to use for years to come.

We all benefit from Frank Mackey's impressive research. He contends, and rightly so, that the black community in Montreal has too often been ignored, its history marginalized. His work challenges all of us to do better.

Reviewed by **Mary Anne Poutanen**, adjunct professor and part-time faculty, department of history, Concordia University.

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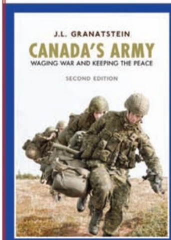
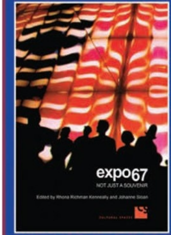
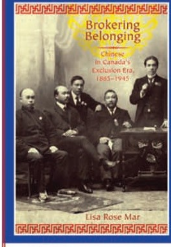

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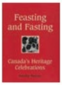

Feasting and Fasting:
Canada's Heritage Celebrations
by Dorothy Duncan
Dundurn Press, Toronto, 2010
256 pp., $26.99 hardcover

If the old adage is correct, and we are indeed what we eat, then Canadians are a rich and diverse lot.

Technically, our country may be only 143 years old — but Canadians have a cuisine that dates back centuries.

Consider the wealth of influences that have shaped our national palate: the earliest food traditions of First Nations; French and British recipes brought here during the first waves of immigration; and the cornucopia of foods familiar to the many immigrant societies that make up the multicultural fabric of today's Canada.

In her new book *Feasting and Fasting*, food historian Dorothy Duncan provides snapshots of key traditions and celebrations in Canada as seen through the filter of what and how we eat. Drawing on everything from the Order of Good Cheer to traditional Jewish feast days, she sprinkles her analysis with recipes that reflect our diverse culinary heritage.

While the book would have benefited from a larger format and rich colour photos, *Feasting and Fasting* certainly gives readers plenty of food for thought. — **M.R.**

Two Generals
by Scott Chantler
McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 2010
152 pp., illus., $27.99 hardcover

If a picture is worth a thousand words, then Scott Chantler's graphic memoir *Two Generals* is no exception. The beautifully illustrated book is based on the 1943 wartime diary of Scott's grandfather Law Chantler, the 1944 letters home of the latter's best friend Jack Chrysler, and the military diary of the Highland Light Infantry of Canada.

Secured with an elastic strap in the manner of a notebook, it follows the experiences of Law Chantler and Jack Chrysler as they take part in the Normandy invasion and the subsequent fighting leading up to the end of World War II. Throughout the book, Scott Chantler uses a dull olive colour scheme to paint an engaging image of war, but he switches to shades of red to depict scenes of violence and death.

Two Generals details the training and other events many soldiers experienced during the war, with accurate depictions of wartime uniforms and weapons. It's a fantastic book that also tells a story of friendship and camaraderie in a time of great turmoil. — **James Gillespie**

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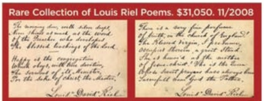

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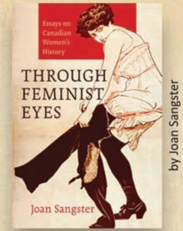
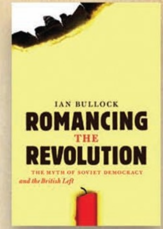
by Bert Whyte, edited and with an introduction by Larry Hannant



by Joan Sangster



by Ian Bullock

Champagne and Meatballs: Adventures of a Canadian Communist

PB ISBN 978-1-926836-08-9
Series: Working Canadians: Books from the CCLH

Active for over forty years with the Communist Party of Canada, Bert Whyte was a journalist, an underground party organizer and soldier during World War II, and a press correspondent in Beijing and Moscow. *Champagne and Meatballs*, brought to light and edited by historian Larry Hannant, is Whyte's irreverent and informative history and biography, accompanied by a wink of his eye — the left one, of course.

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Romancing the Revolution: The Myth of Soviet Democracy and the British Left

PB ISBN 978-1-926836-12-6

Over two decades have passed since the collapse of the USSR, yet the words "Soviet Union" still carry significant weight in the collective memory of millions. But how often do we consider the true meaning of the term "Soviet"? Drawing extensively on left-wing press archives, *Romancing the Revolution* traces the reactions of the British Left to the idealized concept of Soviet democracy.

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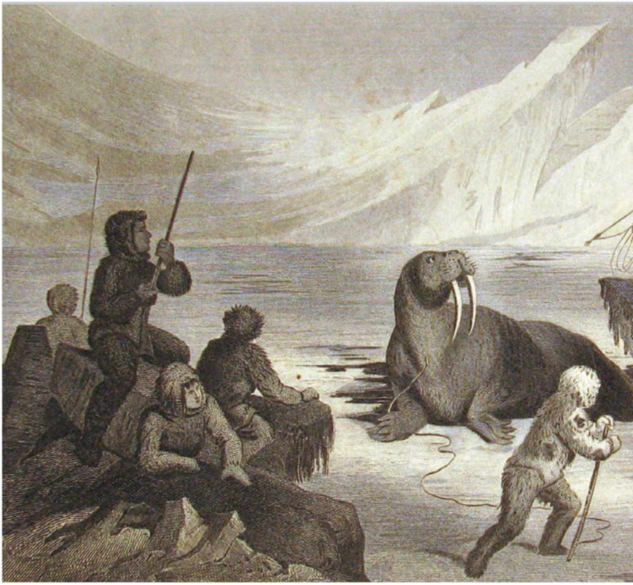
Missing people

The Inuit played a key role in Arctic exploration. So why are they absent from our narratives of the North?



In September 1839, on the north coast of Baffin Island, an ambitious young Inuk named Eenoolooapik met Scottish whaling master William Penny, who was worried about the decline of the Arctic fishery. Eenoolooapik, who yearned to see the great wide world, had grown up some distance to the south, near waters he described as filled with bowhead whales.

The two men struck a deal. Eenoolooapik sailed with Penny to Britain. He remained for several months, attended the theatre and formal balls, and dazzled everyone with his intelligence and ability to mimic others.

After surviving a life-threatening bout of pneumonia, Eenoolooapik recrossed the Atlantic with Penny and guided him into his home territory. This was the area the whaling master had been seeking: Cumberland Sound. Before long, whalers would establish permanent camps there and begin the practice of wintering near the Arctic Circle.

Eenoolooapik played no role in the nineteenth-century search for the Northwest Passage. Yet his relationship with Penny illustrates a crucial aspect of that quest, which opened up the Canadian Arctic.Those explorers who respected the Inuit and learned from them flourished: John Rae, Elisha Kent Kane, Charles Francis Hall, Frederick Schwatka. Those who disdained to "go native," or else proved unable to find Inuit allies at crucial junctures, frequently met with disaster. Expeditions led by John Franklin and Adolphus Greely, for example, degenerated into cannibalism.

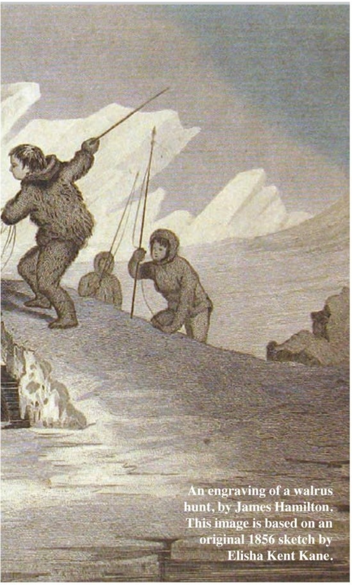
The idea of the Northwest Passage, the notion of finding a way to sail across the top of North America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, originated in Britain and Europe. Yet the exploration and mapping of that passage could not have been accomplished without the Inuit. And that has yet to be properly acknowledged. Those who wish to highlight the Inuit dimension of the Canadian Arctic should apply themselves not to renaming the Northwest Passage, as some have advocated, but to celebrating Inuit figures who played a crucial role in exploration history.

Start with Tattannoeuck, also called Augustus. He served as interpreter on two overland expeditions led by Sir John Franklin. In 1821, he ventured down the Coppermine River as an advance scout to prepare Inuit strangers who, the explorers knew, would undoubtedly share a collective memory of a historic massacre at nearby Bloody Falls.

He acted with similar bravery five years later, after accompanying Franklin down the Mackenzie River to the Arctic coast. Deeply committed to improving relations with the newcomers, Tattannoeuck died in the 1830s while assisting a search expedition led by George Back.

By this time, two Ouligbucks were emerging into prominence. William Ouligbuck, after assisting Franklin on his 1825 expedition, served as guide and interpreter to Peter Warren Dease and Thomas Simpson of Hudson's Bay Company on their remarkable 1837 expedition along the northern coast of the continent. A decade after that, Ouligbuck travelled with the peerless Dr. John Rae, also of HBC, and wintered with him at Repulse Bay.

His son, William Ouligbuck Jr., called Marko, joined Rae on later expeditions and was with him in 1854 when he discovered the final link in the Northwest Passage. Marko was the interpreter who helped Rae learn the fate of the final Franklin expedition, news of which inspired an appallingly racist reaction in Victorian England.


An engraving of a walrus hunt, by James Hamilton. This image is based on an original 1856 sketch by Elisha Kent Kane.

JAMES HAMILTON

Also in the mid-1850s, an Inuk from Greenland, Hans Hendrik, sailed with the American explorer Dr. Elisha Kent Kane and became one of two men to discover Kennedy Channel and the "American route to the North Pole." Hendrik was key in helping Kane forge an alliance with nearby Inuit, which ultimately saved the expedition.

In 1871, with his wife Mersuk and their three children, Hendrik went north in the *Polaris* with Charles Francis Hall, who named a rocky landmark after the outstanding hunter — the quasi-controversial Hans Island. Uniquely, among Inuit adventurers, Hendrik left behind a brief memoir, which he dictated to a literate Greenlander.

On the Hall expedition, Hendrik joined two other notable figures: Tookoolito and Ebierbing. Tookoolito was the youngest sister of Eenoolooapik. In the early 1850s, she convinced a whaler to bring her and her husband, Ebierbing, to London, where they remained for two years. These two, also called Hannah and Joe, mastered English and were received by Queen Victoria. In 1860, back home on Baffin Island, they astonished the recently arrived American explorer Charles Francis Hall with their British manners.

While guiding Hall, they turned up relics of Martin Frobisher's sixteenth-century expeditions, which had included a disastrous early encounter between Europeans and Inuit. With Hall, they also explored Melville Peninsula and King William Island, and gleaned first-hand accounts of the final Franklin expedition, horrific tales that vindicated Rae and William Ouligbuck, Jr.

In 1871, Tookoolito and Ebierbing sailed north with Hall on the *Polaris* expedition. After Hall died in mysterious circumstances (possibly murdered), a diverse group of nineteen people got marooned on an ice floe — among them Tookoolito, Ebierbing, Hendrik, and their families. During the next six months, as they drifted more than two thousand kilometres, this party survived thanks to the skills of the three leading Inuit.

Five years later, after living for a time in the United States, Ebierbing sailed north with Allen Young on the *Pandora*, sent to relieve another British expedition. Then, after the death of Tookoolito, he accompanied the American Frederick Schwatka on a sledge journey covering 4,360 kilometres in eleven months while living off the land.

With the early 1900s, we arrive at the race for the North Pole and the never-ending controversy over which American reached it first. Four Inuit accompanied Robert Peary and two travelled with Frederick Cook — so if either explorer made it, Inuit were present at the historic moment.

This quick survey is far from exhaustive. But a sketch of Inuit exploration history would be complete without Knud Rasmussen. Part Inuit, part Danish, Rasmussen traversed the Northwest Passage by dogsled while investigating what he called "the great primary problem of the origin of the Eskimo race." On this expedition of the early 1920s, he amassed a wealth of ethnographic, archaeological, and biological data that remains invaluable.

Rasmussen's childhood home in Ilulissat, Greenland, has been turned into a superb museum. But his Inuit precursors have been forgotten. Surely they merit celebration — not instead of British and American explorers, but alongside them. It is time to revive the lost history of Arctic discovery. ●

Ken McGoogan, author of four best-sellers about Arctic exploration, sails as a resource historian with Adventure Canada. His latest book is *How the Scots Invented Canada*.

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No wonder historians love trial transcripts. They provide a window into something that is scarce in official records and the memoirs of the great and famous: accounts of the daily lives of ordinary people, in their own words.

Michael Winter
THE
DEATH
of
DONNA
WHALEN
A Novel

Michael Winter.

This is no Agatha Christie mystery with all the loose ends tied up in the end.

Last fall, the Newfoundland writer Michael Winter published *The Death of Donna Whalen*, based almost entirely on transcripts of a St. John's murder trial from the 1990s. Winter considers himself a novelist, not a historian, but his "documentary novel" gives vivid evidence of the histories that lie inside the world's judicial registers.

When I talked with Michael Winter recently, he explained he had been living in St. John's, loving its vitality, its characters, its sense of community, when the murder of "Donna Whalen" (he changed all the names) exposed a side of the city that had been invisible beneath his nose.

Thinking of basing a novel on the event, he dug into the trial records. But, he says, "when I was dramatizing scenes based on the testimony of the witnesses, the scenes were not as good as the transcripts themselves. Nothing I could do was as good as the transcript itself." Instead of novelizing scenes and imagining inner lives, Winter decided to trust the document.

So *The Death of Donna Whalen* became a kaleidoscope of voices drawn from what the witnesses had said at the trial.

In Winter's sampling from the trial record, we encounter a community of men and women who do not work much, who are in and out of jail and in and out of bars and clubs. They change partners a lot. They shoplift and fake illnesses for prescription drugs. At home, they watch videos a lot. They fight. And they talk, in a vivid, down-home, down-at-the-heels idiom that Winter has captured brilliantly.

From these materials, Winter builds a murder mystery. Donna's young daughter finds her stabbed to death. Sheldon the boyfriend stands trial for murder. Neighbours, relatives, detectives, medical examiners, taxi drivers, and jailhouse snitches must all testify, and the reader struggles to put their evidence into a story that will convict or acquit. Winter is sure that "jurors are not stupid people," yet Sheldon becomes one of the wrongfully convicted. He is finally exonerated, but only after six years in jail.

This is no Agatha Christie mystery with all the loose ends tied up in the end. Cops, lawyers, witnesses, and relatives forget, lie, and cover for each other. Several are befuddled with drink and medications. They all have private agendas. Who did it and why becomes an afterthought. But in their fast-flowing talk, their fierce judgments and flashes of kindness, Winter's talkers lay bare a whole world.

Winter says he has written a novel, but this is also one of the most vivid Canadian social histories I have read in years. If historians a hundred years from now are looking for what 1990s working-class St John's looked and sounded like, *The Death of Donna Whalen* may be the place they start.

Historians have long been going to court records, of course. Many notable histories have been built from them. A few years ago, in *The Spinster and the Prophet*, Brian McKillop — an Ottawa historian — made a fascinating story from a Toronto woman's plagiarism lawsuit against H.G. Wells in the 1920s. Recently, legal scholars have been talking of a technique they dub "legal archaeology" — looking at case histories not simply for narrow legal precedents but for the whole, messy, complicated historical process that drives every trial.

But I cannot think of a recent Canadian history which has put as much trust in the record itself as Michael Winter has done here. Historians, as much as novelists, love to shape their stories and find the order that lies hidden in the worlds of the past. But sometimes history can also be true to the chaos and immediacy of real people's real testimony. Suddenly I want to go find a trial of my own, just to set free some true voices from history (even if they are lying through their teeth half the time).

Not that this kind of history is the easy task it may seem — just cutting and pasting from the trial registers. "The reading, the sifting, the organizing — it is as much work as writing a novel from scratch," says Michael Winter. "I spent three years on this. It's a lot of work!"

Now that's something historians should already know.

The Death of Donna Whalen, by Michael Winter, was published by Hamish Hamilton Canada/Penguin Group in 2010. Christopher Moore comments in every issue of *Canada's History*.

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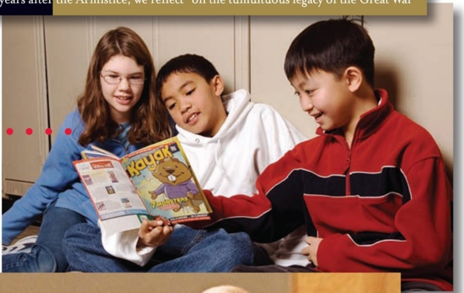

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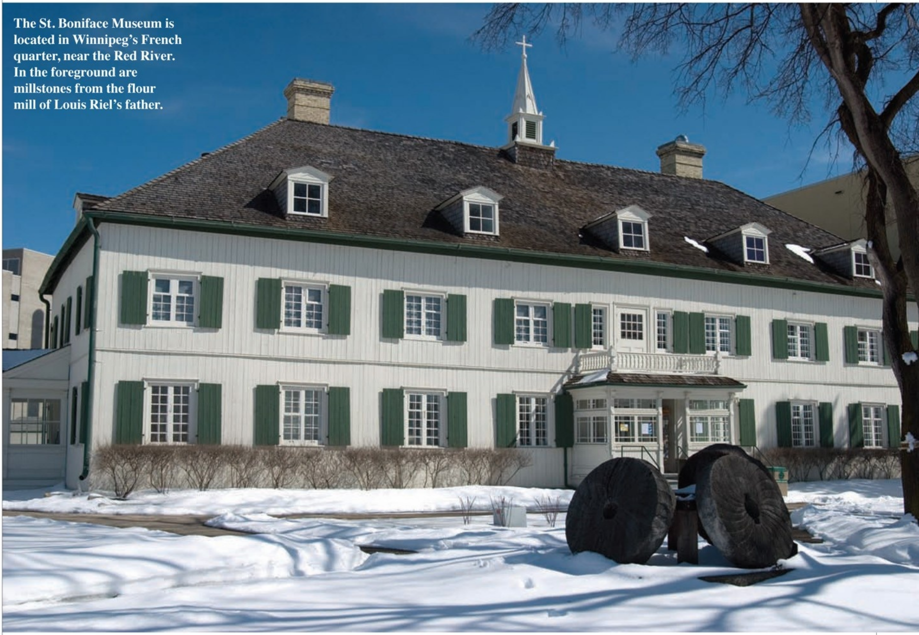
CANADA'S HISTORY

The Riel deal

Jennifer Clark visits St. Boniface, the heart of Métis history and culture in Winnipeg.



The St. Boniface Museum is located in Winnipeg's French quarter, near the Red River. In the foreground are millstones from the flour mill of Louis Riel's father.

ROB BARROW, MSBM

Coming up the snow-covered path to Winnipeg's St. Boniface Museum on a sunny but frigid January day, I can't help but think about the four hardy Grey Nuns who first came to Manitoba in 1844 to tend the people of the Red River Colony.

I think it's safe to presume that their training couldn't have prepared them for the harsh prairie winters.

The museum is housed in what was once the convent of the Grey Nuns, who came from the Sisters of Charity order at the Hôpital Général in Montreal. (Their nickname comes from their grey habits). Construction on the convent began a year after their arrival, and the nuns took occupation of the building on December 31, 1847. The long, three-storey convent, built in the Red River frame construction style and painted white with green trim, is the oldest building in Winnipeg.

I've arrived to take a tour led by museum director Philippe Mailhot. The mandate of the St. Boniface Museum is to preserve the history of French Canadians and Métis in western Canada.

That history begins with the fur trade.

"Whether it was the Hudson's Bay Company — once they began to operate in the interior — or the North West Company, the bulk of the labour force was French-speaking," says Mailhot.

The Métis are mostly descendants of French fur traders and Aboriginal women. Along with retired traders, they were the main residents of the Red River area that later became Winnipeg.

The museum contains the largest collection of artifacts relating to Louis Riel, the Métis founder of Manitoba. Among the most bizarre items are a few strands of Riel's beard. They were pulled from his chin after he was hung for treason on November 16, 1885, in Regina after opposing the Canadian government in a fight for Métis rights.

Mailhot points to the building as a significant artifact in itself. Its creaking floors and a lingering smell of wood recall earlier times. The marks of an axe on a ceiling joist on the second floor are a tangible reminder of the men who constructed the building over 160 years ago and one of the remarkable ways its builders and earlier inhabitants live on thanks to the structure's careful preservation.

The museum also works to preserve the history of the various incarnations of the St. Boniface Cathedral, just down the road from the museum. Five houses of worship have stood on this site. The latest version, designed by architect Étienne Gaboury, is modest in size and modern in design. Notable are the starkly beautiful art of the stained glass windows and the terra cotta-style statues of Jesus and Mary mounted on the wall behind the altar. Mary, representing Our Lady of Red River, is dressed in moccasins, a shawl, and a Métis sash, an outfit Métis women commonly wore to church in the 1800s.

The present-day church sits within the stone shell of the massive previous cathedral. Arguably one of the most impressive buildings in Winnipeg, its remains are an imposing example of French Romanesque architecture. Built between 1905 and 1908, the cathedral was largely destroyed by fire in 1968.

Mailhot hopes to make the public aware that the museum can supplement their cathedral visit. Displays in the convent's chapel contain artifacts and information about the St. Boniface mission, founded in 1818, and the museum conducts guided tours of the cathedral and cemetery, which contains the grave of Louis Riel.

The St. Boniface Museum is great to visit during the Festival du Voyageur, a ten-day annual celebration of the fur trade that's well worth checking out. The festival runs in the middle of February, but the museum's guided tours are available year-round.

Other area historical attractions include North America's oldest stone fur-trading fort. Lower Fort Garry is located about a half hour drive north of downtown Winnipeg. Spring and summer walking tours of Winnipeg's Exchange District, once the financial and industrial hub of Western Canada, run every day from June to Labour Day.

Also of interest are the Manitoba Museum and the Costume Museum of Canada, which contains clothing dating back four centuries.

Jennifer Clark is a Winnipeg writer.

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CANADA'S
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JAMES GILLESPIE

The winners of the 2010 Canada's History Awards pose for a photo with Governor General David Johnston and History Society publisher, president and CEO Deborah Morrison. The annual awards celebration was held in Ottawa last November. For more photos, go to CanadasHistory.ca.

They came from across Canada — teachers, students, historians, and supporters of Canadian history — to celebrate our nation's past and to honour the extraordinary achievements of the winners of the annual Canada's History Awards.

At a special ceremony at Rideau Hall in Ottawa last November, Governor General David Johnston handed out medals to the eight recipients of the Governor General's Awards for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History, as well as to the winners of the Pierre Berton Award for popularizing Canadian history, the Kayak Kids Illustrated History Challenge, the Begbie Canadian History Contest, the Sir John A. Macdonald Prize, and the Historica-Dominion Institute's Great Canadian Questions Essay Contest.

It was the second year Canada's History Society has brought Canada's top history honours together in one large-scale celebration.

CANADA'S
HISTORY

Citizenship, Immigration and Multiculturalism Minister Jason Kenney speaks at the 2010 National History Forum in Ottawa.

JAMES GILLESPIE

The day before the awards ceremony, Canada's History Society hosted its third annual National History Forum.

The event, which is open to the public, was held at Library and Archives Canada. The three guest speakers — former *History Today* editor Peter Furtado plus historians Greg Melleuish and Nicole Tutiaux-Gullion — engaged in a thought-provoking discussion of national histories and how they shape national identities.

The annual awards event is expected to grow in 2011 as new awards are added, including a prize offered by the Canadian Museum Association for excellence in conserving, commemorating, and presenting history in our public institutions.

A taste of history

Attendees of the 2010 Canada's History Awards gala last fall were dazzled by a special performance by the Canadian Musical Odyssey, a song-and-dance troupe that highlights our nation's rich cultural heritage.

Owner, producer, and director Deborah Davis created the production more than a decade ago. It is registered as a not-for-profit venture, and Davis works regularly with teachers to help them use performances of *A Musical Taste of Our Canadian Heritage/ Notre patrimoine canadien, une odyssée musicale* as a teaching tool in classrooms across Canada.

Canada's History publisher Deborah Morrison recently sat down with Deborah Davis to speak about the origins of the award-winning production.

Deborah Davis, flanked by her fellow cast members, sings during a performance of *A Musical Taste of Our Canadian Heritage* at the Canada's History Awards gala last November in Ottawa.

JAMES GILLESPIE

Q: *In 1989 you founded Coonga Changa Productions as a live theatrical and musical production for children. This eventually evolved into Canadian Musical Odyssey/ Odyssée Musicale Canadienne. What was your goal in creating the new production?*

A: My aim was to show the history of music in Canada and the history of Canada through music in an entertaining way that students would find … educational, but also appealing, moving, memorable, and inspirational. Both the show and the teachers' manual were the culmination of many years of development and networking, as well as a dedicated cast, and crew, and volunteers.

Q: *You are obviously very passionate about this project. Why is it so important to you personally?*

A: This project developed as a natural progression in my personal career as a singer and producer. It is about my country and the music I love. My passion for both is shared by the many artists and others involved in the show.

Q: *How do you think the focus on Canadian music enhances the Canadian history story you are telling?*

A: This is a different way of presenting history. There are many people, including teachers, students, and new immigrants, who have difficulty relating to Canadian history that they consider dry and boring. Through this show, many of them are amazed to discover Canadian history can be not only interesting, but entertaining and moving.

Q: *Is there a personal favourite musical era for you?*

A: I love all music. It really depends on my mood or how I am feeling at a particular time. I particularly love the introduction and evolution of jazz and jazz styles.

Q: *You just recently completed production of a fully bilingual teachers' guide to the show. How do you hope the show, or the materials, will be used by teachers in the classroom?*

A: Teachers have been using the seventy-page English teachers' manual *Canadian Musical Odyssey: The Invisible Voice* for seven years. It was always my goal to have the manual translated. Based on repeated requests for French-language materials, we anticipate the availability of our new French language version of the manual, *Odyssée musicale canadienne: La voix invisible*, will be a welcome addition.

Q: *What's next for Canadian Musical Odyssey?*

A: My vision all along has been to present the shows as a permanent attraction every year for the world to see and hear Canada. We need to build on our current successes and find additional sponsors to help us achieve this goal.

Q: *Can you complete this sentence for me. Canadian history needs....*

A: Canadian history needs to be embraced and celebrated.

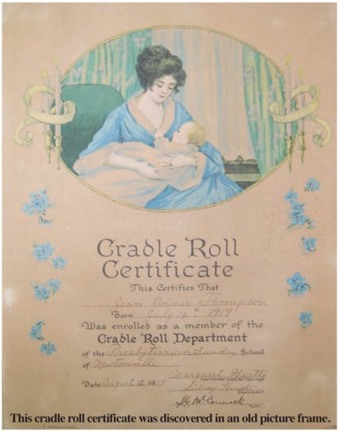
For more information, as well as the full text of the interview, go to CanadasHistory.ca. Deborah Morrison is the Publisher, President and CEO of Canada's History.

Baby business

Rosalie I. Tennison's search for the owner of a cradle roll certificate ends with a twist.

We are a society that delights in keeping records for practical purposes (marriage and birth records) and for the acknowledgment of achievement (graduation, passing a swimming test, selling the most widgets).

In times past, the certificates, no matter their purpose, were ornate and beautiful. My great-grandparents' wedding certificate is as much a work of art — with its photos and beautiful script — as it was a legal document. They had it framed. and it held pride of place on the parlour wall. Present-day certificates are ordinary and pedestrian in comparison.



Cradle Roll
Certificate
This Certifies That
Jean Annis Thompson
Born July 14th 1919
Was enrolled as a member of the
Cradle Roll Department
of the Presbyterian Sunday School
of Newtonville
Date August 12 1919
Margaret Beatty
Sidney Wright
A.E. McCormack

This cradle roll certificate was discovered in an old picture frame.

ROSALIE TENNISON

A century ago, only a handful of events were marked by certificates. Those included graduation, marriage, birth, and death — with the latter three certificates having as much to do with vital statistics as with marking an event.

Another certificate that was sometimes presented was the "cradle roll" that welcomed babies into a congregation. An archivist with the Presbyterian Church of Canada says the practice died out sometime after World War II. However, an Internet search indicates that some congregations still present the certificates today.

My interest in cradle roll certificates is the result of an unusual coincidence. I am a hoarder of old frames that I pick up at garage sales, antique shops, and flea markets. I prefer to use them to frame photographs and other ephemera because they can usually be obtained for a reasonable price, are solid wood, and are more decorative than the current choices of modern frames.

I was intending to frame a photo as a gift for my sister-in-law and went through my stock of frames to find one with a suitable dimension. My choice had a faded print in it that might have come from a calendar.

After I removed the rusty nails, torn paper, and mouldy cardboard from the back of the frame, I found myself looking at a cradle roll certificate dated 1919. The ten-by-fourteen-inch certificate appears to be hand-coloured and contains the image of a blue-robed mother holding her baby. Forget-me-nots are scattered along the margin. The certificate, printed in Toronto in 1917, certifies that "Jean Annis Thompson, born July 14, 1919, was enrolled as a member of the Cradle Roll Department of the Presbyterian Sunday School in Newtonville, August 12, 1919."

Signed by three members of the church, the faded script attests to the importance of Jean's arrival in church on that August day.

I showed the certificate to my husband, who informed me that Newtonville is near Port Hope, Ontario. He also suggested that I call our friend Margaret — she not only lives nearby, but her maiden name was Thompson. I called Margaret and left a message asking for her help.

The next day she called to ask how I got my hands on her aunt's cradle roll certificate! It turns out that Jean was Margaret's aunt — her father's sister — who died around the age of four in the year Margaret's father was born. Sadly, someone in the family felt that with Jean gone her certificate was more useful as backing for another piece of art. It remained protected until I unknowingly bought it for another purpose.

According to Kim Arnold, the archivist for the Presbyterian Church, cradle roll certificates were given as a form of membership into the church, but they did not take the place of birth certificates, which are a public and legal record. She suggests the certificates were given out in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, but following the church union in 1925 and two world wars the practice was dropped.

"You were probably in attendance regularly if you were given a certificate," she said from her office in Toronto. "They are certainly of historical value, and many are in museums."

So, what of Jean's certificate? It has been returned to Margaret and her family, who plan to have it reframed as a family heirloom.

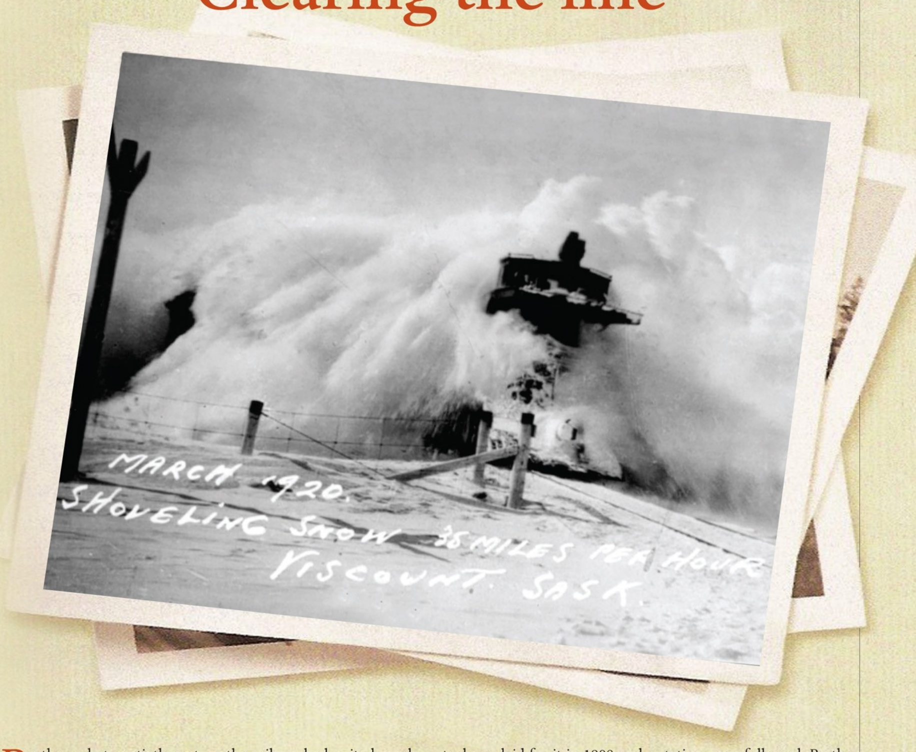
Unfortunately, I had already given the original frame away by the time I discovered this was one piece of memorabilia I would be able to return.

Thankfully, in the case of Jean, her cradle roll certificate is a remaining record of her short life.

Rosalie I. Tennison is a freelance writer living in Newmarket, Ontario. Her speciality is agriculture, but she is fascinated by history.

Duane G. Forrest resided in Maple, Ontario, and was the son of R.C. Forrest. Duane's father was the Royal Bank manager in Viscount, Saskatchewan, from 1916 to 1926. Text by Beverley Tallon.

Clearing the line



By the early twentieth century the railway had united much of the Canadian countryside.

However, Mother Nature does not always co-operate in the effort to bring goods and people together. "More snow than rye at Viscount, Saskatchewan," reads one of Duane Forrest's family photos. It shows the area after a brutal March 1920 snowstorm.

In 1907, the Canadian Pacific Railway was graded through Viscount. Originally known as the Pheasant Hills branch, the steel was laid for it in 1908 and a station soon followed. By the time of this photo, the population of nearly three hundred had become quite reliant on the line.

Like the mail, the train must get through. This picture shows a Canadian Pacific engine equipped with a large metal snowplough blasting its way through the snow. Large crowds gathered to witness the clearing, no doubt moving out of the way as the shovel created yet another snowstorm.

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o *Canada's History*, Bryce Hall, Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Or email your submission to album@CanadasHistory.ca. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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